

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 2002 \$14.25 (incl. GST)

MAGAZINE
OF THE YEAR
Australian Adult Industry Awards

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N

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ONLY



CARAVAN OF LUST
TRAILER TRASH GOES FRENCH

LORDS OF THE RING
Wrestlemania Oz-style

CATEGORY 2

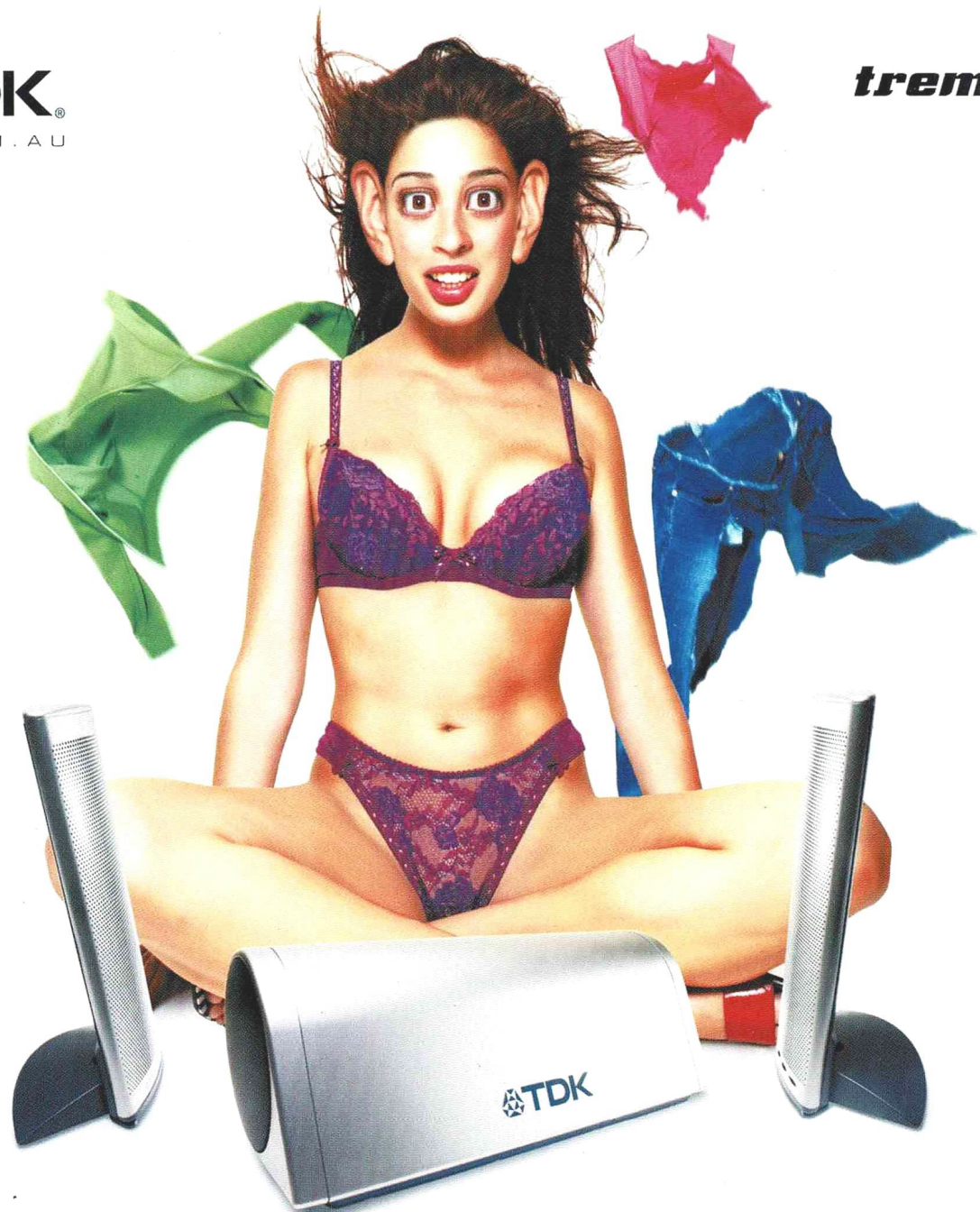


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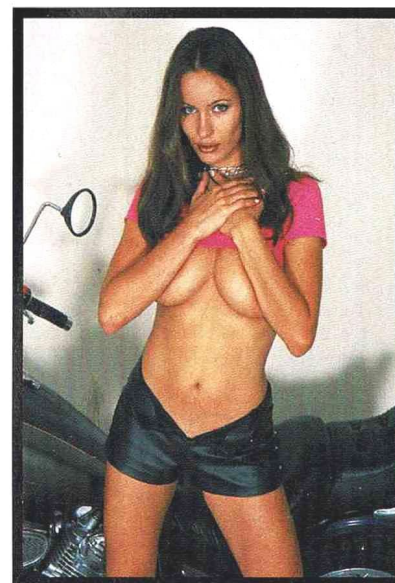


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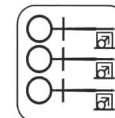
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PENTHOUSE

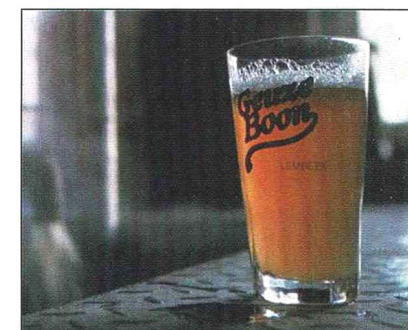
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Belgium is truly the land of beer — great beer. There are literally hundreds of breweries, types, tastes and colours but the one downside to drinking it is the beer gut. Until now. *Penthouse* checks out the "healthiest beer in the world".
By Philip Reynaers



Beer is good. p 26.

Fast Women **34**
Meet the speed-freak chicks who risk everything to snatch the extra fractions of a second that could win them the number one spot in the ultra-competitive world of extreme sports.
By Joe Gardiner



Speed chicks. p 34.

Caravan of Lust **50**
You won't find any clowns or highwire walkers at this travelling circus — just French delights baring all at bargain prices, and the horny punters are absolutely loving it.
By Olivier Chouchana

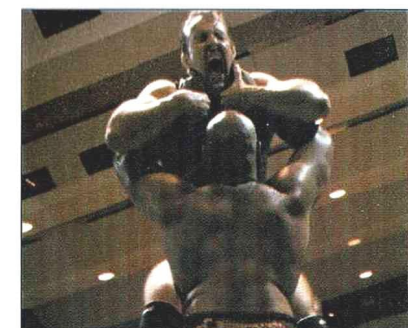
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By Neal Woolrich and Janine Toms



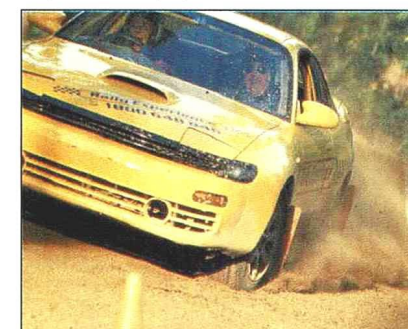
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Adam's



Doug



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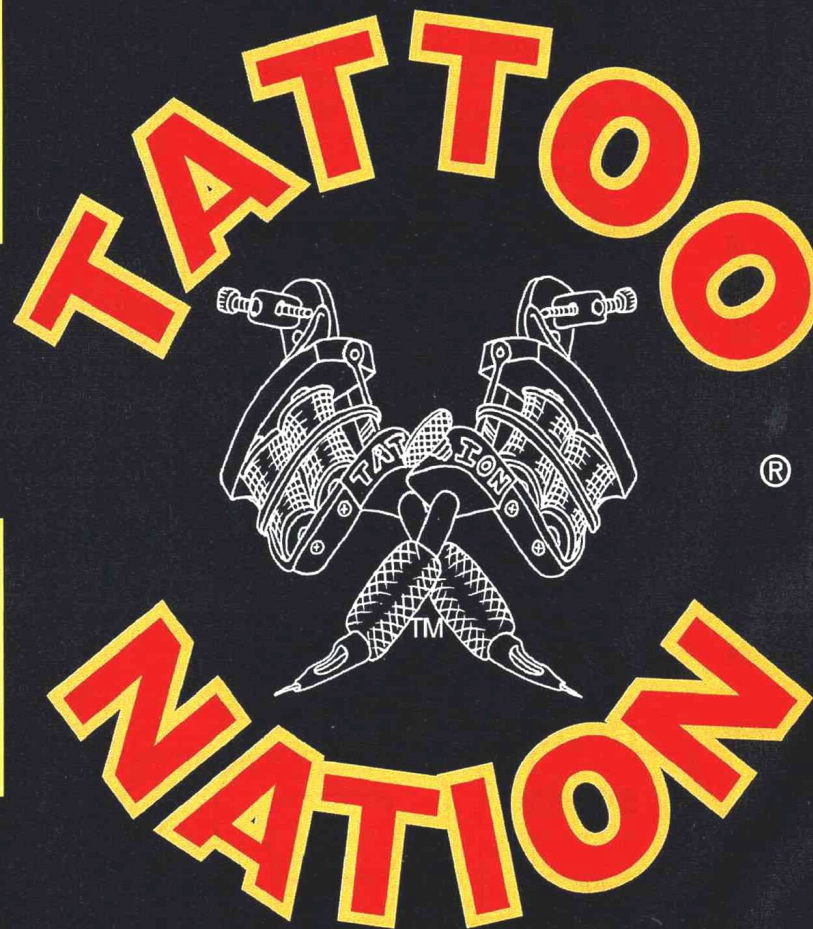
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Female Art

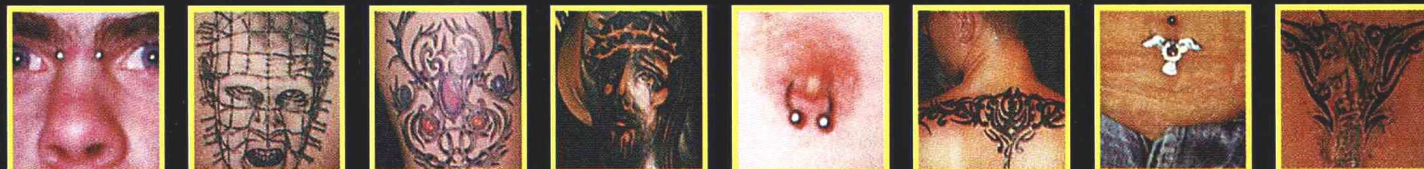


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letters MAIL BONDING

Feedback

Ladies Only Please

Being a regular subscriber to *Australian Penthouse* Limited Edition, I was disappointed to see a male featured in one of the spreads in your February 2002 edition. I am a female subscriber and have always enjoyed the female-only content of the limited edition.

I found the girl to be stunning but was disappointed to see a penis ruining a perfectly good photo shoot. My partner and I love reading your magazine together. Please keep it all girl and give us more redheads.
— DS, VIC

More Hard-core Needed

I want more hard-core action in your Black Label issue. My wife and myself always enjoy looking at the couple pictorials and really look forward to the bounty of gorgeous babes. As for the photographers, Stephen Hicks gets my vote for the best in your stable... his picture quality is sensational. Your other



More girl-on-girl wanted.

photographers could learn a lot from him! But how about some more Aussie babes or are they a rare commodity?

Also a recent letter caught my attention (October 2001) regarding a great idea for your mag, a "Where are they now" monthly section with updated pictures of past *Penthouse* pets.

I also encourage readers to write in and express their opinions before the wowsers of this world censor out *Penthouse* for good.
— WS, WA
Ed — Our 1989 Pet of Year, Terri Bowie recently made a comeback in our April issue (below left).



Comeback queen Terri Bowie.

Eager Beaver

I've been one of many happy subscribers for a few years now and must say it's fantastic. I'm so keen when I receive my monthly subscription, that the first page I read is often the last page, to see what is coming next month? — TM, QLD

School's Over

I want to see more nice babelicious girls posing in more turn-on settings such as classrooms or public places. Themes such as college look-alike babes at

school or on the beach really turn me on. The same old settings of posing on couches and in showers are no longer cool.
— Name & address withheld (email)

Fighting for Devonne

You have a fantastic publication. I have just read your December 2001 edition and your cover girl, Devonne, is one of the finest ladies to ever grace your pages. As a soldier serving in East Timor this is as close as I can get to a beautiful lady.

But I have a small dilemma — my *Australian Penthouse* collection has dried up due to unforeseen circumstances. I'm not one to grovel, but... could you guys please send me copies of *Penthouse*, which I think would make an excellent gift to myself and my mates in the platoon, thus raising me to legend status amongst my peers. It would also make my trip somewhat more comfortable.

Also, could I get an autographed photo of Devonne? — Name and address withheld
Ed — We'll send over a few copies for your platoon, and we'll see what we can do about that signature. O—

Australian PENTHOUSE

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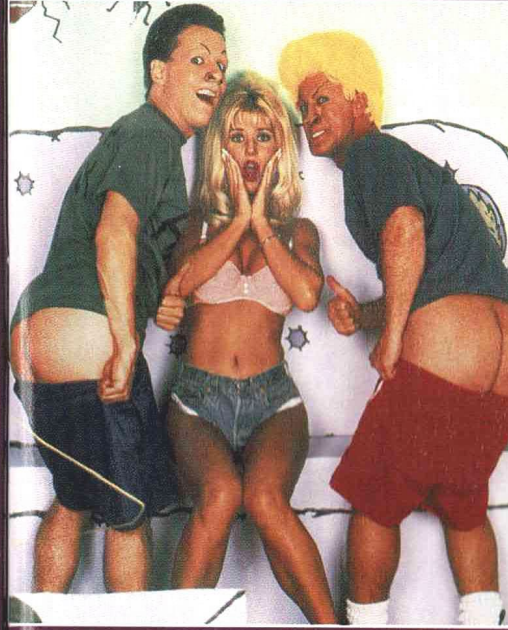
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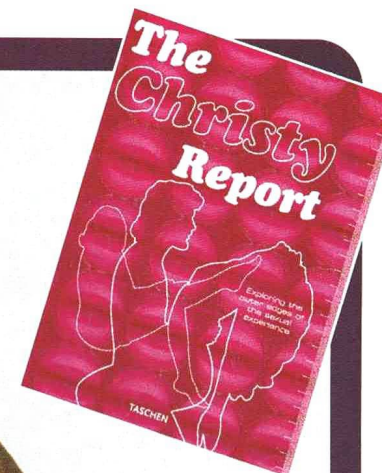
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Entertainment

Continuing your misspent youth



Nude for thought



Here's an interesting tome from our sexy friends at Taschen. *The Christy Report* — *Exploring the Outer Edges of the Sexual Experience*, is a sweeping review of the 20th century adult underground. It's chock-full of some of the most memorable pornographic images from the past 80 years.

Publisher, film producer and noted archivist Kim Christy has been an icon in the pornography industry for more than 25 years and he's used his extensive private collections to compile a plethora of images depicting the best of pornography.

He traces porn from the early 1920s, through the glory days of the '70s porn explosion to today's digital-age market, and this guy knows his stuff. Christy worked with all of the porn legends — John Holmes, Rene Bond, Seka, Jamie Gillis, Harry Reems — and he's left no fetish unturned.

A staunch advocate of free speech, Christy shows a unique understanding of human sexuality in all its forms.

Writer John Quinn, who has more than 30 years' experience in the adult underground, provides the text. Distributed through Tower Books.

Sexy Board Games

Are you looking at adding a little zest to your foreplay outside the bedroom? Don't think bored, think board. That's right. Ditch the *Trivial Pursuit* and *Monopoly* and grab one of these top five sexy board games as recommended by *Adultshop.com* and add a little spice to your sex life.

Strip Poker

The oldest game in the world for two or more adult players. This classic game was first played by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden (back then a losing hand meant removing fig leaves and palm fronds). The articles of clothing marked for removal may have changed but the rules remain the same. If you don't want to lose your shirt, try a forfeit... or maybe not. You never know what you may be required to do!

Price: \$19.95.

Sex Maniacs

This is a bawdy board game that makes anything else look like pass-the-parcel. Answer embarrassing questions and perform even more embarrassing forfeits. Get it right and collect your body oil, handcuffs and champagne. Get it wrong and you'll be sent to the clinic for a compulsory sex change!

Price: \$49.95.

Rude Gestures

Here's your chance to give the bird and still get the bird! **Rude**

Gestures is a sort of naughty charades. Played in teams, the first to complete a circuit of the board is the winner. The only catch is you have a measly 60 seconds to perform your naughty charade to your team. There are three tongue-in-cheek categories to mime: film titles, song titles and places. The second most fun you can have with your hands.

Price: \$59.95.

Sexplay

This board game consists of six spinners that offer innumerable provocative sexual scenarios that are action-packed, playful and unpredictable. This fun game encourages you to try a variety of sensual pleasures to add a breath of fresh air and excitement to your relationship. **Sexplay** offers delicious pleasuring and erotic enjoyment with endless sexual possibilities. Have a spin and break through those barriers of inhibition.

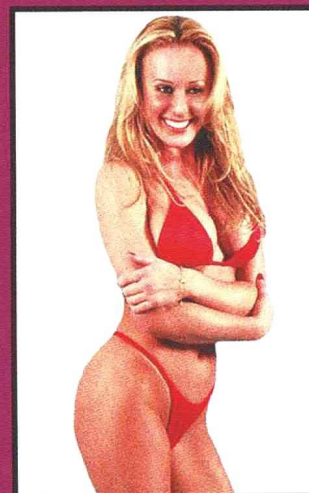
Price: \$50.50.

Battle of the Sexes

Here's the adult version of the top-selling board game **Battle of the Sexes**. Test your sexual prowess against the opposite sex with over 650 gender-based risqué and revealing questions. Can you impersonate Meg Ryan's fake orgasm scene in *When Harry Met Sally*? Does your opponent know the meaning of ménage à trois? Battle to find out who is on top in the bedroom.

Price: \$65.95.

All are available from
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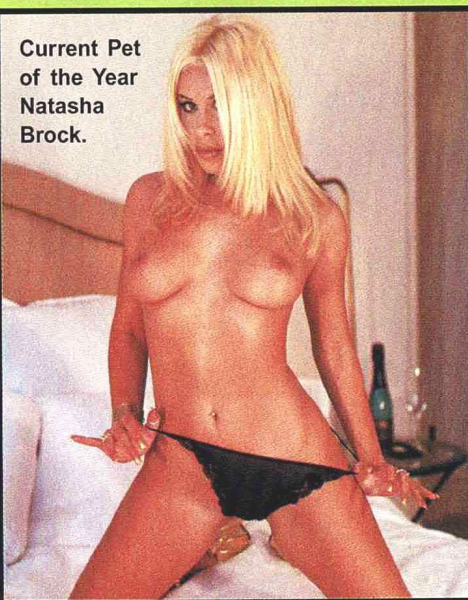


Hey Ladies... wanna be in *Penthouse*?

Do you have what it takes to be the star of every man's fantasies? Would you like the financial rewards that go with it? *Australian Penthouse* is on the lookout for hot new talent. If you think you've got what it takes, send in some recent photographs of yourself, preferably nude. The photos needn't be professional shots, but they must be clear, in colour and in focus.

Include your details (height, weight, hair colour, measurements, name, address and contact numbers). If we think you've got potential, we'll take some test shots and you'll be on the road to stardom.

Forward your details and a stamped self-addressed envelope (for return of your photos) to Gemkilt Publishing, PO Box 4455, St Leonards NSW 1590.



Current Pet
of the Year
Natasha
Brock.

Scantly-clad babes Brandi and Tabby are at your beck and call 24/7 and they'll do anything you want whenever you want without a skerrick of complaint. And they'll say anything you want, except the word "no".

Thanks to the clever folk at Canterbury Enterprises these compliant chicks are all yours to command at will. What's more, you won't have to feed them or put up with their incessant whining because these sexy tarts live on the desktop of your PC, interacting with you while you do your work.

You can have Brandi in bondage gear, Tabby (pictured) nude, or dressed in a see-through pink dress. Brandi uses a vibrator on her boobs and moans with delight for you. Brandi Bondage wears a skin-tight PVC outfit and brandishes a tasselled whip.

TOP CHICKS WITH JUST A CLICK

Why use your hands to scroll through text when these ladies can do the job for you? They'll touch themselves up, dance provocatively all over your desktop and even talk dirty to you — in a choice of 10 different languages. They can also play your MP3s.

Electrobabe provides practical computer functions to make using your PC more fun, such as notifying you when you receive email.

Minimum requirements are an IBM compatible PC, 200MHz processor or better, Windows 98 or higher, 32MB RAM, 70MB disk space, Microsoft Internet Explorer 5.0 or higher, sound card and speakers. Info: www.electrobabe.com.

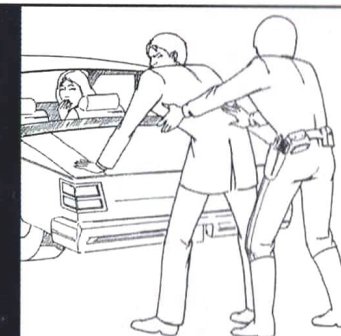
The WORST-CASE SCENARIO Survival Handbook: DATING & SEX

With chapter headings like "How to Escape from the Trunk of a Car" and "How to Jump from Rooftop to Rooftop", you'd naturally assume the *Worst Case Scenario Survival*

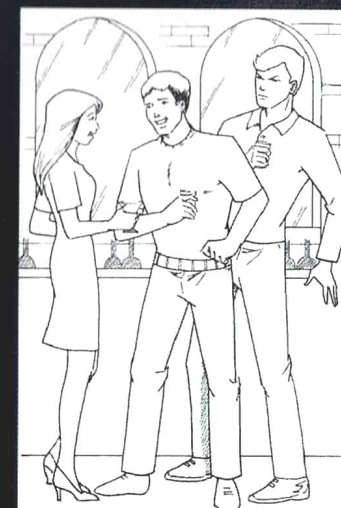
Handbooks are either a joke or textbooks for stunt students. Complete with diagrams reminiscent of a St Johns First Aid book, this series is fast becoming as ubiquitous as *For Dummies*. Between them, they've got every eventuality in life covered.

Now Josh Piven and David Borgenicht have turned their expert attention to a subject close to our hearts, and pants — sex and dating. It's a foolproof guide to dodging the obstacles strewn on the path to true love, or, at the very least, to great sex.

From the crucially important "How to Determine If Your Date Is An Axe Murderer" to the absolutely necessary "How to Escape From a Bad Date", keep this guide handy to help you deal with anything from the most minor of disasters through to full-scale alarms. Published by Hardie Grant Books, RRP \$29.95.



SEX AND DATING — A SURVIVAL GUIDE



CYBERSEX



You'll find a full overview and field guide of bizarre fetishes at www.deviantdesires.com. Read up on those sorry individuals known as furverts, who sexualise their favourite cartoon characters and hold conventions where participants dress in big furry costumes. Do not under any circumstances leave these guys alone with your prized collection of fluffy toys, and keep a close watch on your kids, because nowhere is safe — not even Disneyland.

www.hotornot.com

This irresistible site is a favourite of Net-heads everywhere. It has the potential to send your ego into orbit or bring it crashing down with a horrible thud. The idea is to send your photo in and have thousands of total strangers rate you, then see if you really are the perfect "10" you thought you were (in case you were wondering, the *Penthouse* team all scored '1'). The photos invite you to "Meet her (or him)" so this may be your one and only opportunity to receive truckloads of fanmail from women.

www.prommom.com is not for the faint-hearted. New York City-based artist Abby Gennet has put together a collection of her photos, which "offer a twisted peek into the life of today's 20-something woman". Using herself as the model, Abby uses photography to make social commentaries on disturbing realities and bizarre fetishes. "Prom Mom" refers to a series of photos depicting a prom queen in taffeta giving birth in a public toilet cubicle, then casually applying her lippy before returning to the dance floor. This is America the crazy at its shocking worst, and it reeks of 20-something undergraduate angst. But it's well worth a look, if just to marvel at Abby's sheer audacity, creativity and bizarre sense of humour.

WIN \$1000

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE ADULTSHOP.COM FORUM LETTER CONTEST



You may have had a wild sexual adventure once in your lifetime. You may have them on a regular basis. For those lucky buggers, and for everybody else, there's Forum, a place where you can either re-live all those carnal capers or dream that they happened to you. And in our never-ending search for the hottest stories around, ones that leave us swimming in a population puddle, we are once again offering \$1000 to the lucky reader who sends in the Forum Letter of the Year. Five runners-up will each score a Horny Hamper worth \$100 from *AdultShop.com*. A panel of judges from *Australian Penthouse* will decide the winner. So get typing. Or if you haven't had a sexual encounter worth sharing, get busy! And remember, this is *not* an erotic fiction contest — we want true stories.

Rules

- Letters should be no longer than 1500 words.
- Entrants must be 18 years or over as of May 2002.
- Entries must be typed on white A4 paper. Attach the entry form below and send to Forum Letter Competition, PO Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590.
- Alternatively, email entries to penthouse-forum@gemkilt.com.au with your name, address and phone number at the top.
- Faxed and handwritten entries will not be considered.
- All submissions must be original. Letters previously submitted to Forum shall not be considered whether they have been published in *Australian Penthouse* or not.
- The winning entries will be published in the January 2003 issue of *Australian Penthouse*.
- Unless requested, names and addresses will be withheld.
- Judgement is made by the editors of *Australian Penthouse* and their decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into.



By my signature below I certify that I have read and that I understand and agree to the rules and conditions under which I am submitting the attached letter to the *Australian Penthouse* Forum Letter Contest.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....

Signature.....

Phone.....



CONDITIONS

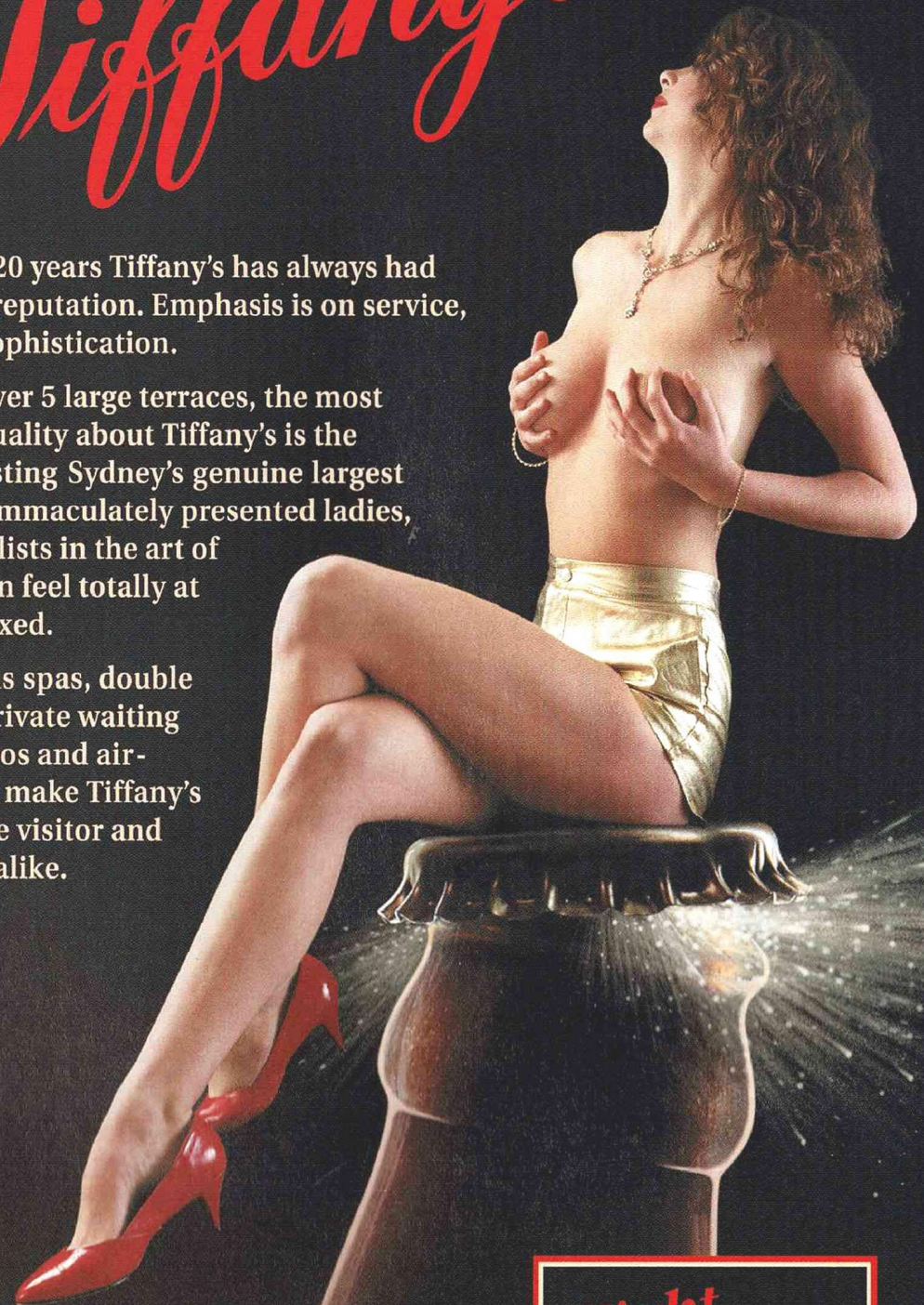
The entrant's signature assigns all rights to the submitted work. The entrant's signature further warrants that he/she is over 18 years of age, that he/she is the sole author of the work, and that the work is original and does not infringe on any other right of any other party. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse* and may be altered, published and republished in any *Australian Penthouse* publication without the author's consent, at the sole discretion of the editors. No entry will be returned.

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Bourbon: Kentucky Special Sauce

Australian Penthouse pays homage to the liquor with a legend.

There aren't too many drinks you can form an emotional attachment to, but for hard liquor cognoscenti the world over, bourbon is more than just a drink. It's like an old friend.

My mate Jim (as in Beam) and I go back a long way and are still as close as we ever were. Jim stood by me through thick and thin. He bore witness to the follies of my misspent youth — hell, he even caused a few. He gave me the courage and inner-strength to surrender my virginity. He kept me company during those sweaty pub rock nights in cramped, cavernous venues as I witnessed the birth of some future rock gods.

Of course my memories are a lot sweeter of the days when a bourbon & cola cost two bucks, but despite soaring bar prices and the sad demise of pub rock, bourbon remains as popular as ever in Australia. We're now the US's leading export market for bourbon, and it's no surprise. After all, Aussies are no softcocks — we've always preferred drinks that put hair on our chests, right? But while bourbon is down-home enough for the working man, it's still classier — and tastier — than a cheap whisky or beer.

It's also the undisputed drink of rock 'n' roll. Often the preferred tipple of rock legends, the likes of John Lee Hooker and George Thorogood have all paid homage to this divine nectar of the gods. And just as some of the most revered rock anthems of our time were born of musical blunders, so too is bourbon whisky the product of a happy accident. According to legend, the unique process of charring the interior of the oak barrels in which bourbon is distilled was "discovered" by Elijah Craig, an 18th century minister and distiller from Georgetown, Kentucky, when several barrels he was using caught fire. Legend doesn't explain why he went ahead and used the charred barrels, but by the time they reached New Orleans, the whisky had turned golden amber and had taken on a new aroma and taste.

When it comes to mixing bourbon, think outside the square. Sure it tastes fine straight or with cola, but here are some more imaginative ways to use it:

Red Hot Passion

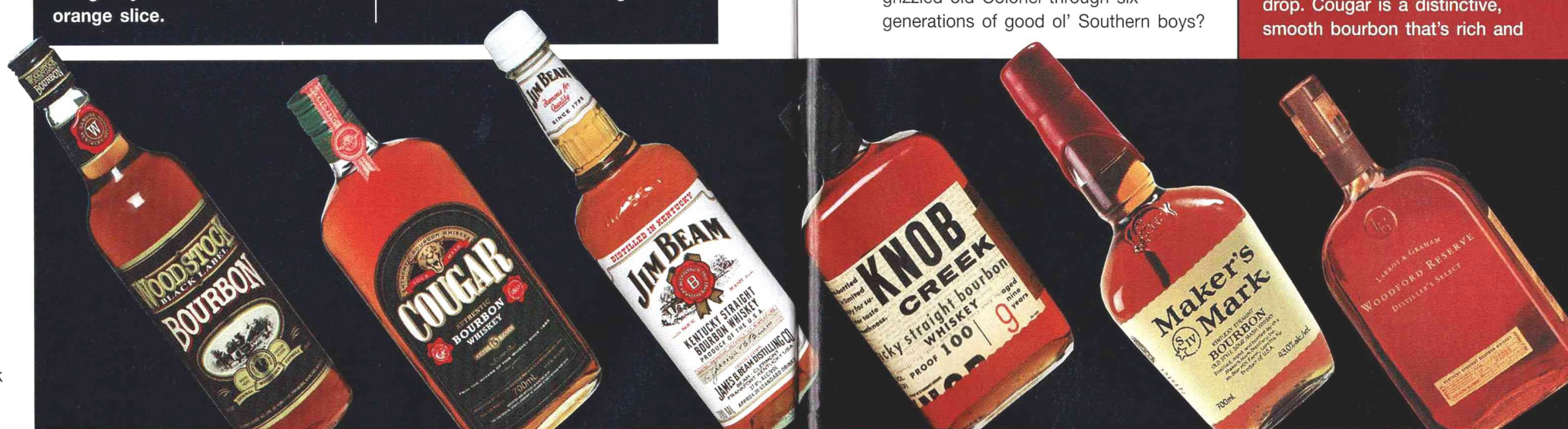
½ oz bourbon
½ oz Amaretto
½ oz Southern Comfort
¼ oz Sloe Gin
1 splash Triple Sec
1 splash orange juice
1 splash pineapple juice

Pour all ingredients over ice into hurricane (sling) glass and stir gently. Garnish with an orange slice.

Kentucky Blizzard

1½ oz bourbon
1½ oz cranberry juice
½ oz lime juice
½ oz Grenadine
1 tsp sugar

Shake all ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass or over fresh cracked ice in old-fashioned glass. Garnish with a half-slice of orange.



For hard liquor cognoscenti the world over, bourbon is more than just a drink. It's like an old friend.

It's the charred oak barrel that adds the colour, distinctive aroma and flavour to bourbon. Nowadays, bourbon barrels are charred different depths, ranked from one to four. The charring not only darkens the wood but also caramelises some of it in the winter months. So the longer a bourbon is aged, the more flavour it takes from the wood.

As America's only native spirit, bourbon is to the Yanks what Champagne is to the French. More than 90 percent of it is made in the central Bluegrass region of Kentucky, the only state allowed to put its name on the bottle. Originally shipped

through Bourbon county in Kentucky, barrels were stamped with the county's name, which soon became synonymous with the whisky.

To be called "bourbon", at least 51 percent of the grain used in making the whisky must be corn. Other grains like barley and rye are usually added to the mix. This is all cooked up and called a "mash". Nothing can be added to enhance flavour, add sweetness or alter the colour. Bourbon must be aged for a minimum of two years in new, white oak barrels that have been charred. It must be produced at no more than 160 proof and bottled at no less than 80 proof. (Proof is two times the

percentage of alcohol by volume, ie 100 proof whisky is 50 percent alcohol by volume.) The aging process of bourbon whisky is a point of contention, but most of it is aged between four and six years.

A number of premium bourbons are known as "small batch". Jim Beam coined the term to describe the company's highest-quality bourbons, including Knob Creek (see profile). These are made with a blend of bourbons from a small "batch" of barrels that have been selected from a larger batch of barrels in order to achieve a signature taste. It's considered sacrilege to mix high-end bourbons with anything other than a single ice cube.

So just what is it about bourbon that has Aussies consuming oceans of the stuff every year? Could it be its folksy American heritage, the knowledge that you're enjoying a time honoured recipe passed on by some grizzled old Colonel through six generations of good ol' Southern boys?

Or appreciation of the craftsmanship, the skill of blending those five raw materials to produce bourbon's unique character? Is it the fact that it knows no social boundaries and can be enjoyed by bums and yuppies alike?

Well sure, all of this comes into it, but perhaps the answer lies right there on the label of that big old family-size bottle on your bedside table: the bit that tells you the alcohol content. At anything from 42.5 to 63 percent, there's only one way to drink this stuff and that's like a man. Yes, whisky is the "water of life", but bourbon whisky is God's own elixir. Jim, you made my life complete. — *Janine Toms*

Some Mighty Fine Bourbons

Woodstock:

Cheap and cheerful with a great taste, just how we like it. Woodstock Bourbon is charcoal filtered and slowly wood aged to capture that premium mellow flavour. It's exported from the US in wood charred American white oak barrels and is aged for no less than four years. Excellent value. RRP \$24.95 (700ml).

Cougar:

TV viewers probably associate Cougar with the busty barmaid who wore its name so well in the ad, Canadian model Brendalee Doel (who had a very public battle with our immigration officials last year). While we were very impressed with that ad, we're also quite fond of this drop. Cougar is a distinctive, smooth bourbon that's rich and

marriage with cola has been beautifully captured in UDL cans, and sales are going through the roof. But think outside the square — Beam also tastes great with ginger ale, lemon lime or "straight up". RRP \$31.99 (700ml).

Knob Creek:

John Wayne must have drunk Knob Creek. Not because he's a knob, but because it packs one helluva punch, pilgrim. Named after old Abe Lincoln's boyhood home in Kentucky, Knob Creek is a fine but super-potent drop. Created to represent whisky before it was mass-produced, it embodies the look, feel and taste of "pre-prohibition" bourbon. Aged a full nine years in wood and bottled at an honest 100 proof, it has the distinction of being aged the longest of the small batch bourbons. RRP \$59.95 (700ml).

Maker's Mark:

"Nobody drinks Makers with Coke," sniffs Bill Samuels Jr, President of Makers Mark and great-great-great-grandson of the founder. This fine, mellow bourbon whisky has its roots in the 1780s and its distillery is the oldest working one in the US. The family developed a new recipe in the 1950s based on corn, winter wheat and malted barley, producing a much gentler taste. The "quality not quantity" factor has made it one of the top brands, in a bottle sealed with that famous red wax. RRP \$44.99 (700ml).

Woodford Reserve:

If Beam is the Holden Commodore of bourbons, this is the Rolls Royce. *Saveur* magazine described this small batch quality sauce as a "90.4 proof masterpiece, soft and delicate, with an irresistible apricot and honey flavour"; its publicity describes it as the "rebirth of bourbon". High praise — and who are we to argue? After all, Woodford Reserve is the number-one premium brand in its hometown, Kentucky, and it was awarded "Best Bourbon" at the World Spirits Competition. RRP \$55-\$65 (700ml).

Dirty Dancing

Rally driving is an extreme sport and it involves a whole lot more than just going fast. Welcome to the world of the Scandinavian flick, handbrake turns, and left-foot braking.

The moment of truth is approaching at roughly 120km/h. This is a cruising speed for a pristine highway which cuts through the countryside in a straight line, but we're on a gravel road and one made rather more oh-my-gawd slippery by a heavy shower an hour or so ago. We're also about to cut through the countryside by turning sharply 90 degrees left. The corner is flanked by an earth bank on one side, stout-looking trees on the other... so mistakes will be severely punished.

Here's the theory: hit the brakes hard and turn right — yes, *right* to start the car sliding with its nose away from the turn. Then, at the turn-in point, come off the brakes and nail the throttle to make the car spin the other way. Miraculously, you're pointing in exactly the right direction and the car is literally leaping out of the corner at warp speed. You've saved precious seconds.

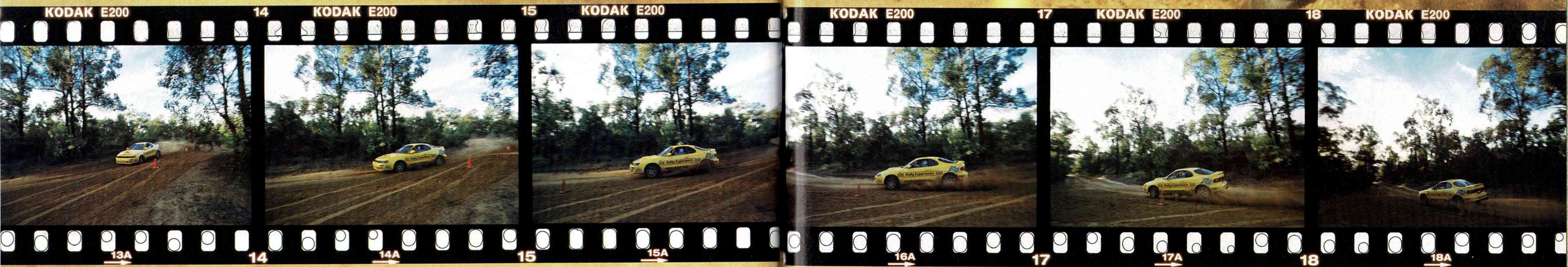
Here's the reality: panic, hit the brakes hard, dial in too much steering lock,

frantically over-correct so the car swings too far in the opposite direction, over-correct again, clip the bank, slide wide out of the corner, fumble the gearshift and trundle out at granny speed. You've lost precious seconds.

The "pendulum swing" cornering technique is something you'll learn if you progress to stage two of the Rally Experience program which, assuming you have the aptitude, can take you all the way to being a competitive driver.

Rally Experience has actually bred quite a number of successful rally drivers, including Andrew Pinker, who is now a professional — he gets paid to have fun — with Hyundai in the UK. Current World Rally Champion, Englishman Richard Burns, is also the graduate of a rally school and now earns around \$140,000 a week as one of Peugeot's hired guns.

Now it's a very long way from a dirt track just outside Cessnock in the NSW Hunter Valley to WRC special stages in Finland or Argentina, but embarking on stage one of Rally Experience will



very quickly dispel any illusions about what it takes. Aside from minor details such as a competitive car and sufficient funding, driving flat out on crap surfaces takes skill, determination, confidence and very, very big balls. Forget racetracks with their smooth surfaces and predictable lap-by-lap layouts. In rallying, every special stage is different and virtually none of them are designed for racing. The majority of rallies are run on gravel which, in reality, means mud, snow, slush, sand and slippery small stones.

The challenge is to drive each special stage as fast as possible, avoiding obstacles, off-

road excursions, spectators and mechanical problems. You're not entirely driving blind because most rallies permit a recce of the stages prior to the actual event. Recces are used to compile a set of "pace notes" which turns every feature of the road — corners, crests, hazards, etc — into a bit of shorthand. Pace notes are used in conjunction with a rally meter — basically a special trip meter that's accurate to one metre — so the navigator can tell the driver exactly what's ahead. The idea is that if you know what's coming, you can drive a lot faster and make the most of the car's handling and grip.

Get A Grip!

Understanding the handling characteristics of the car is a vital ingredient of rallying, as all these traits are greatly amplified on loose surfaces. Being able to fully exploit the car's handling virtues is what makes a good rally driver.

The day starts with some basic theory about the handling characteristics of cars which vary depending on whether they're front- or rear-wheel drives. In a nutshell, front-wheel drive cars have a natural tendency to understeer through a corner, rear-wheel drive cars oversteer and 4WD cars understeer and then oversteer. Understeer means the car tends to run wide of the cornering line, oversteer means the car turns in more sharply and, if not corrected, will progress to a tail-out skid and probably a spin.

Good rally driving isn't about correction though, it's about provoking the car to do these things and then precisely controlling the angle, attitude and speed for maximum benefit for the course.

Easy it ain't and this becomes all too obvious out on Rally Experience's skid pan, which is more like a giant sand pit... only today, thanks to the rain, it's a giant mud bath.

Rally Experience has a fleet of rally cars, most of them ex-competition, not so far removed from the real thing. Unfortunately, the Toyota Celica GT4 — a real weapon in its day — is sidelined with turbocharger troubles, but there's still some serious

hardware to get to grips with. The Mitsubishi Galant VR4 is still a very competent 4WD rally car while the Toyota Sprinter is used to demonstrate rear wheel drive handling. In reality, RWD rally cars are a dying breed, but the Sprinter's throttle-regulated control of oversteer makes it a valuable learning tool.

Mind you, today it's struggling for grip in the muddy conditions and using the accelerator pedal to swing the tail out and

suddenly get it — then you're working a lot less harder and the car is waltzing effortlessly around the cones. It's all about balance... using understeer to tighten the cornering line and the throttle to straighten the car up for a fast exit. Get it right and it's exhilarating, but it's also dead easy to mess it up and demolish a few marker cones. You quickly gain real respect for the professional rally drivers who have to keep this up for 30, 40 or 50 kilometres... and at much higher speeds.

The Real Thing

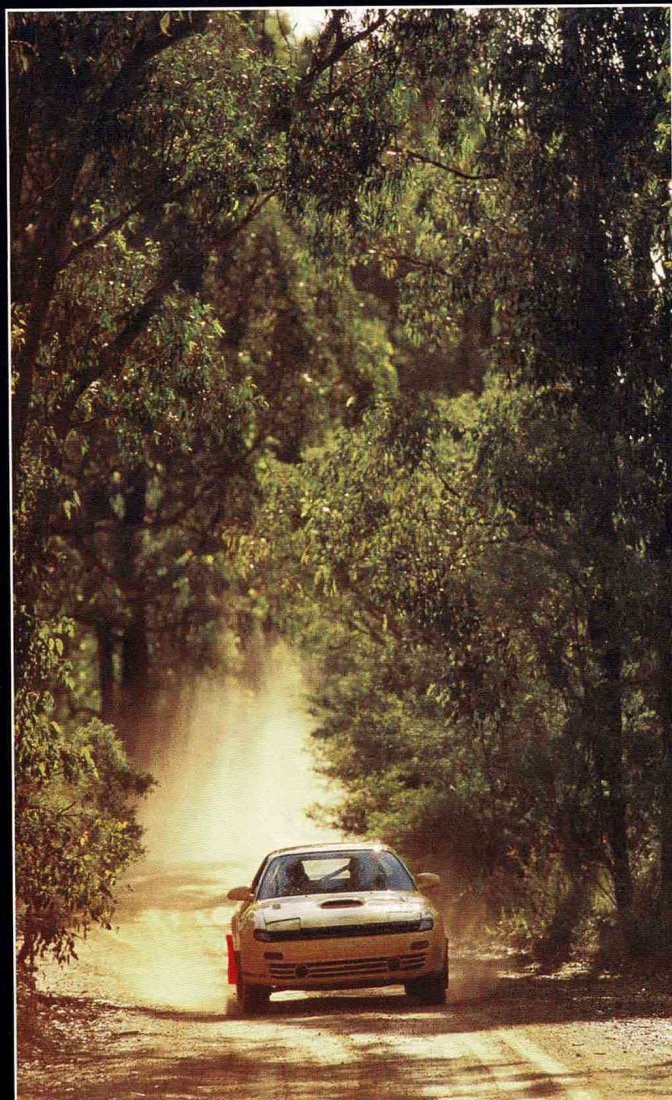
After lunch, there's a chance to experience what driving a real special stage is all about. It's only four kilometres, but it's long enough when the challenge is to master the balance of steering, throttle and brakes... and avoid any embarrassing "offs". The first circuit is driven at normal speeds to give you an idea of the course. Apart from the sharp left-hander, it doesn't look too difficult...

oversteer around the marker cones is even more of a challenge... and bloody hard work. Switching to the Galant VR4 is a revelation — you can turn in more aggressively, hold the slide for longer and then stomp on the gas to straighten up the car's line for the next marker.

Amazingly, after a couple of laps of high revs and rapid twirling of the steering wheel, you



"Driving flat out on crap surfaces takes skill, determination, confidence and veryvery big balls."



that is, until you contemplate that, next time around, you're meant to be doing rally speeds!

The Rally Experience instructors have seen it all, know the course intimately, and can instantly pick what's wrong with your technique. If there's a rally driver in you, then probably around mid-afternoon it will all suddenly click and you'll be sliding the car through corners like a pro... well almost. Just how much is left to learn is illustrated when chief instructor, Jamie Fenton, takes you for a hot lap in the VR4 to illustrate just what deft car control is all about.

Just 22, Fenton is currently competing in the NSW Rally Championship. He's quick — very quick — but beautifully precise, using throttle and steering to make the car dance across the dirt.

"Some people just don't get it," he says, recalling a recent student who put the Celica on its roof, "and we really have to advise them to go and do something else. It's co-ordination... either you've got it or you don't."

Perhaps this is why professional rally drivers are a comparatively rare breed. It may also have something to do with the different view of life that's needed to thread a snarling, bucking racing car through narrow lines of trees at warp speeds on surfaces waiting to spit you off into the shrubbery.

There's only one warning that comes with the Rally Experience course — you'll end up wanting more. — Paul Burrows

Rally Experience is located at Cessnock in the NSW Hunter Valley. Info: rallyexperience@Hunterlink.net.au or 1800 132 213.

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If you should be lucky enough to go shopping with Bridgette,

one word of advice — head for the bedroom furniture stores.

This sexy blonde can't get enough bedroom time.

"It's my favourite room," she says matter-of-factly.

"It's where most of my childhood memories took place."

And more than a few adult ones too, we'd wager.

"I associate so many good times in my life with the bedroom and it's always been my special place of retreat."

Her boudoir isn't, of course, always a cone of silence.

"If the walls could talk..." 

Pillow Talk

Photography by Chantel







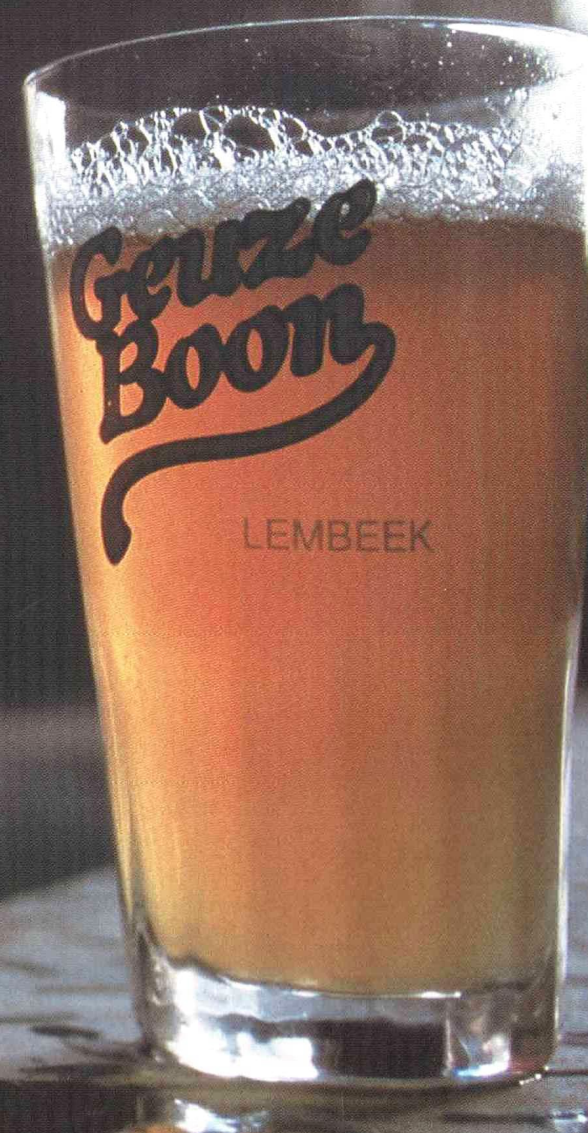
No Beer Gut, Just Beer

A hearty ale you can consume with impunity *without* putting on pounds, born of an ancient recipe originating in Mesopotamia. This is a brew connoisseurs have crowned the "champagne of beers".

Belgium is truly the land of beer — great beer. What Ireland and Scotland are to whisk(e)y, Belgium is to beer; there are literally hundreds of breweries, types, tastes and colours. The one downside to drinking it is of course the beer-gut. Until now. Because the makers of Lambic have hit on a very palatable low-cal beer indeed: Gueuze, three-time winner of the US "healthiest beer in the world" prize. We check out this golden nectar's history and bitter-fruity taste.

Words and photography by Philip Reynaers/TCS

The boiling process is a long one. Acidity and temperature are constantly monitored. The end result is a gorgeous glass of gold.



no beer gut, just beer

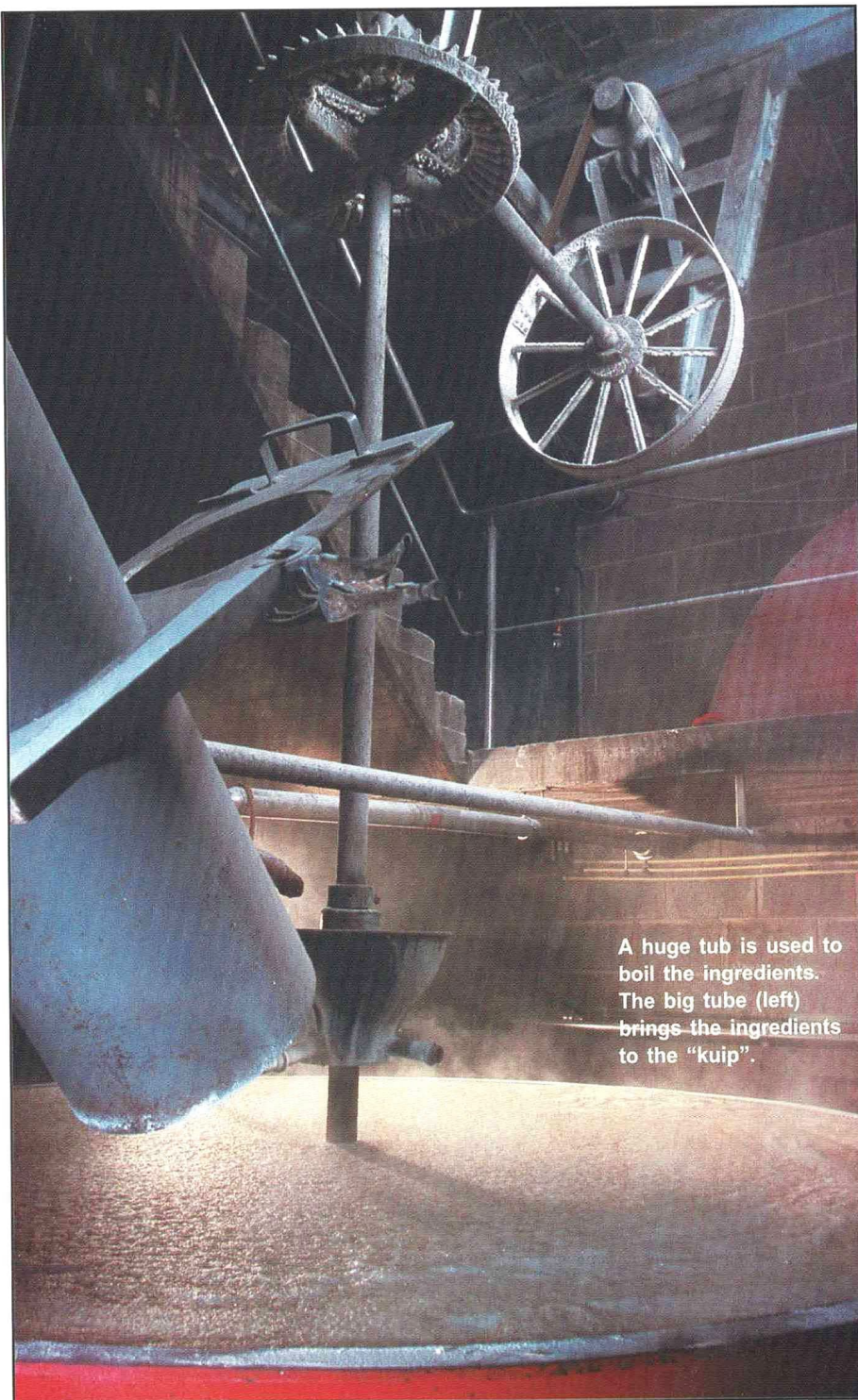
not content with being the lightest beer in the world, Gueuze, a member of the Lambic beer family, was recently recognised as the "World's Healthiest Beer". A title that astonishes and delights, this drink is one the connoisseurs don't hesitate to crown "the champagne of beers". We discovered one of only a few places where this curious beer is still being brewed; one that we hope will reconquer the world, as in the days of Pieter Brueghel.

It is six o'clock in the morning when I push open the gate displaying the enamel plaque "Brouwerij" (brewery in Flemish). To the right sit three huge beer kegs like sentinels of good taste in front of this temple to Lambic. Technically, Lambic is a "natural beer", because of its open-vat fermentation and carbonation process.

Though correct, this definition does no justice to the natural poetry that accompanies the slow path to Gueuze. For that, we have to go back to the late 17th Century — to the cosy towns and hamlets of Flemish Pajottenland, to dreamier times when brewing beer was still a question of tradition, nature and a dash of science.

It is the end of winter, 1680. A winter so short, in fact, that the fortifications encircling the city-state of Lembeek, Flanders, are no longer covered in snow. Jean Baptiste Claes, having just purchased a farm to brew Lambic, plunges his hands into the hops. The aged hops he inhales invade his nostrils — a familiar scent, especially since much of Lembeek adopted a fiscal policy favourable to brewers and other distillers. Since then, the commerce of drink has been a spirited and prosperous one.

It's a big day for Claes. His methods will prove either a heady success or a sobering failure. He paces quickly past the *alambics à genièvre* — the brews made by bootleggers — and arrives at a few vats lining the back of his grange. Two long years after he first made this Lambic, the mixing day has finally arrived. Fifty percent old Gueuze to 50 percent young Gueuze, "as it's always been



A huge tub is used to boil the ingredients. The big tube (left) brings the ingredients to the "kuip".

done". You can still find traces of a recipe from 1599 for the "brewing of beer according to an ancient recipe".

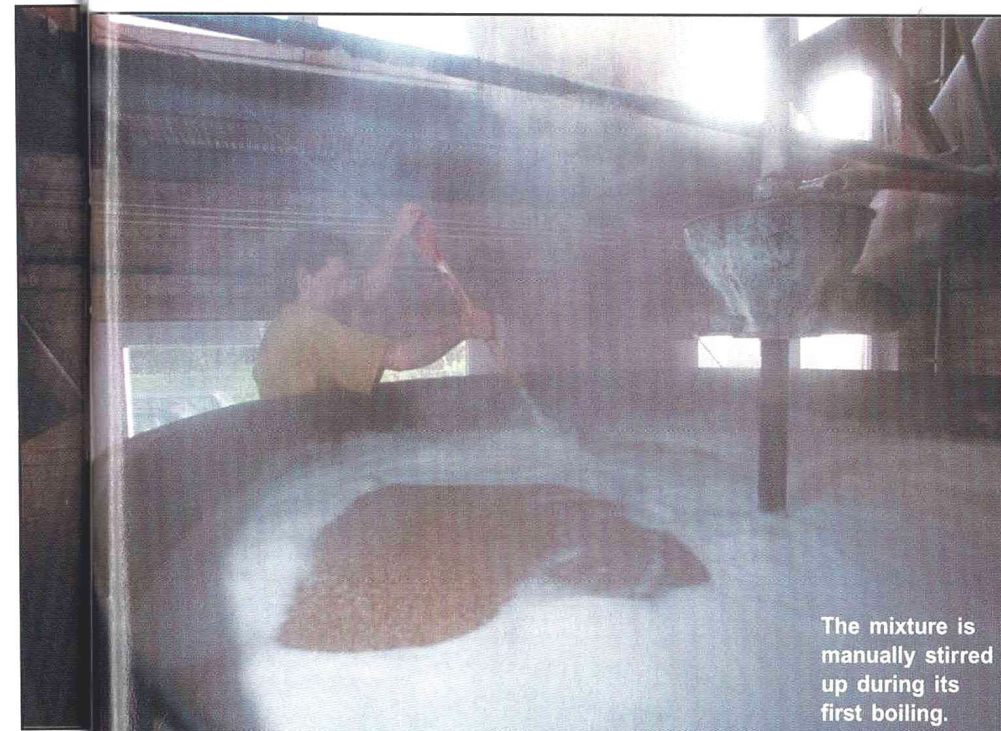
In a few weeks, Claes will present his beers at the village fair. Feasts and libations, rice tarts and Lambic, this is how the Pajottenland conducts a feast. And what's more natural than for a drink named after its hometown of Lembeek (Lambic) to be served at such an event? It could be a scene from Brueghel's masterpiece, *La Vie Flamande* (Flemish

Life). Experts either in beer or painting — the question remains open — actually identified the liquid in the large tankards painted by Brueghel as being filled with Faro: a Lambic, with a bit of sugar.

Some historians don't hesitate to compare the actual technique of brewing Lambic with that of our distant Mesopotamian cousins. The base, known as "wort", is composed of 60-70 percent barley malt and 30-40 percent barley. As in the Mesopotamian recipe, the Bruxellois



Barley, malt and old hops are grinded then boiled before being blended into a mixture called "wort".

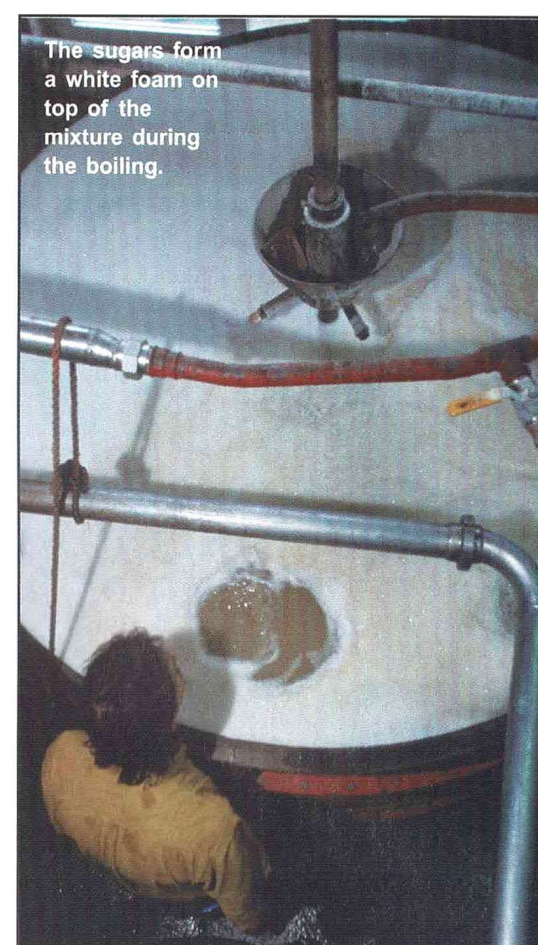
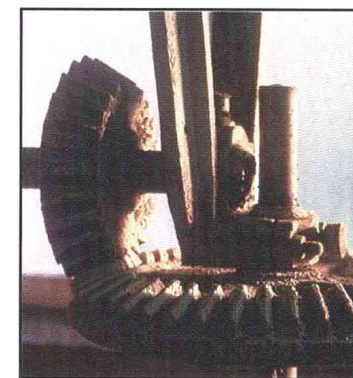


The mixture is manually stirred up during its first boiling.

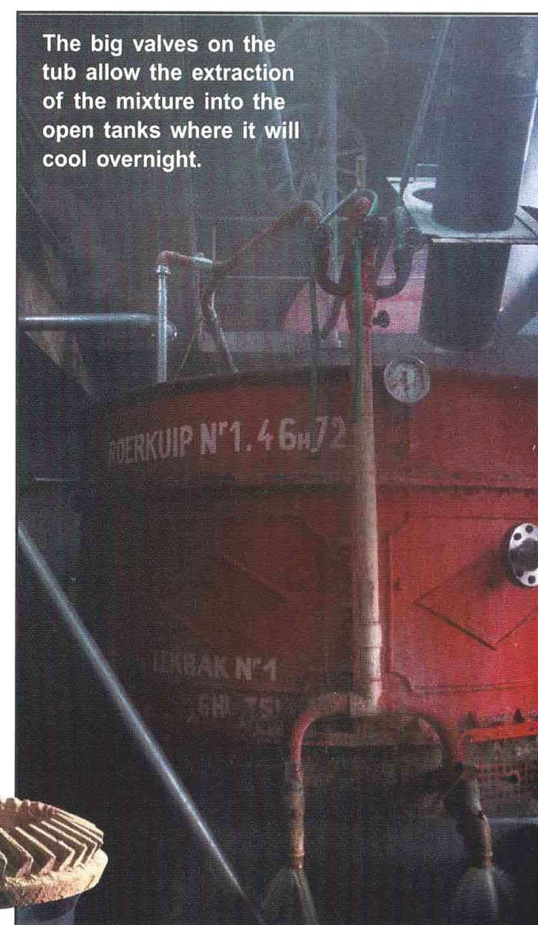
only use aged hops — hops that no longer possess any discernible bitterness.

Maurice, who presides over the brewing tank at the Gueuze breweries, is no modern Mesopotamian, but explains, "malted water, barley and aged hops, that's all that's needed to make Lambic." Yet, is it really that simple?

This ancient recipe makes for the best part of the drama. Near the brewing tanks, all is steam and sweat, while the banging of crank wheels and the noise

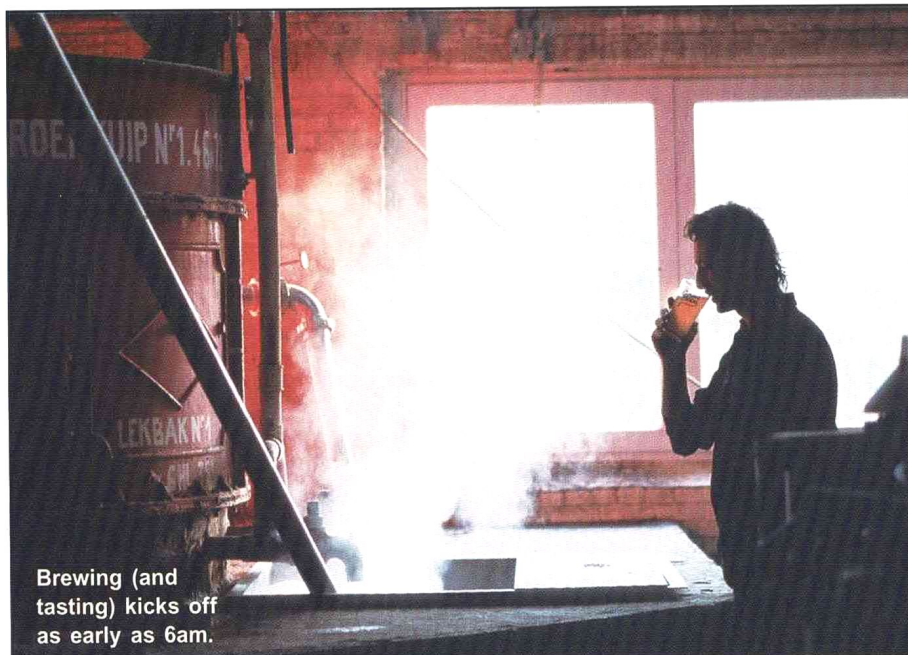


The sugars form a white foam on top of the mixture during the boiling.

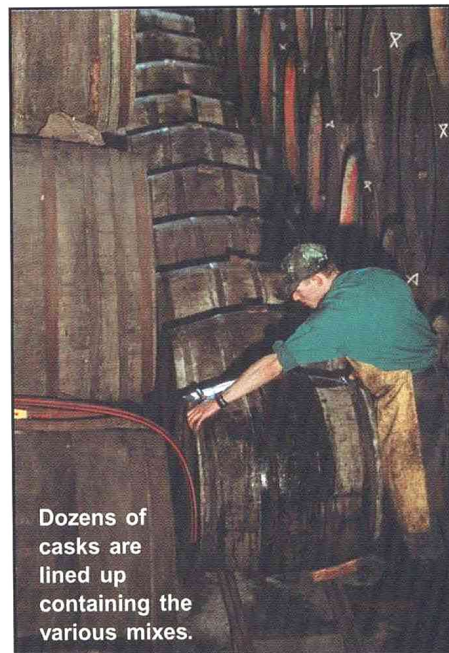


The big valves on the tub allow the extraction of the mixture into the open tanks where it will cool overnight.

Sour, mildly bitter but fruity and slightly acidic, Gueuze is especially appreciated by the informed palate and is the only beer that diabetics can consume.



Brewing (and tasting) kicks off as early as 6am.



Dozens of casks are lined up containing the various mixes.

no beer gut, just beer

of the blades turning the "wort" make it hard to hear even your own thoughts. It looks like some mad professor's lab, where a series of pumping and boiling operations enrich this high-protein mixture.

To mix metaphors, the Gueuze is like an athlete preparing for a marathon — stuffed with complex sugars and proteins, to undertake a marathon of more than two years! Consequently, no fermentation agent will be added later. The elements combined in the barrels will work to sustain a host of bacterial and chemical reactions in succession, so that this mixture will quietly mature into the

"champagne of beers".

Maurice actively moves around the vats, testing the density, acidity and temperature of the mixture, carefully recording each in an old notebook that resides in an office of another age. Barley dust and water blend together and become steam, and a wonderful scent of hops permeates the space. Maurice plunges a carafe into the boiling liquid, smiles and says his "morning cocoa" has to cool before he can taste it. He claims that this nectar, adorned in its golden robe, reminds him of another great Belgian specialty — hot chocolate. This boiling process, which goes on for many hours, transforms the brewery into a sort of Lambic Turkish bath.

I follow the master brewer up the

stairs leading to the grinder and the store of hops.

"When making Lambic, we don't look for the bitterness found in young hops. With Lambic, everything takes time... the hops we select come from Belgium, of course, but also from Germany or even Czechoslovakia. They must age in our granary for at least two, sometimes three years. Only then are they ready to be incorporated into the brewing process," the brewer says. The way the beer ages, ripens and retains its beauty seems of another age, when time moved more slowly, when winters were cold and crisp and summers were long and hot. Nostalgia? Perhaps, but that's part of the poetry of Gueuze.


IT'S A PARTY ON YOUR COUCH

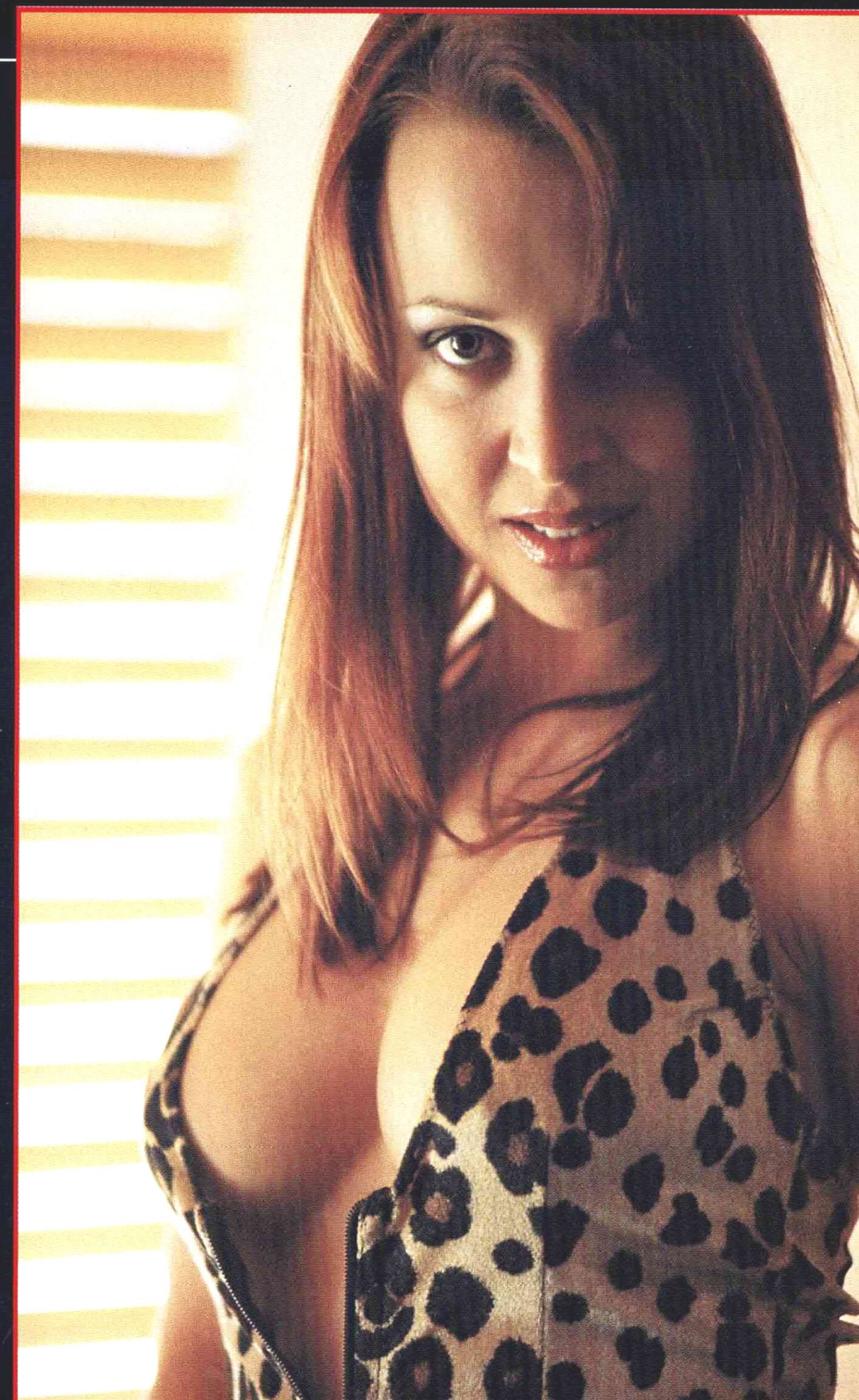


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no beer gut, just beer

Once the mixture has been fortified during the boiling process, it is emptied into a large basin and left in contact with the surrounding air, letting nature take its course: this is where the magic begins — open-vat fermentation. It takes less than 24 hours to activate this magical mystery tour, facilitated by two wild strains of yeast spores: *Bretanomyces bruxellensis* and *B. lambicus*. The spores proliferate in winter and exist nowhere else. We go next to the tanks and the filling of the barrels.

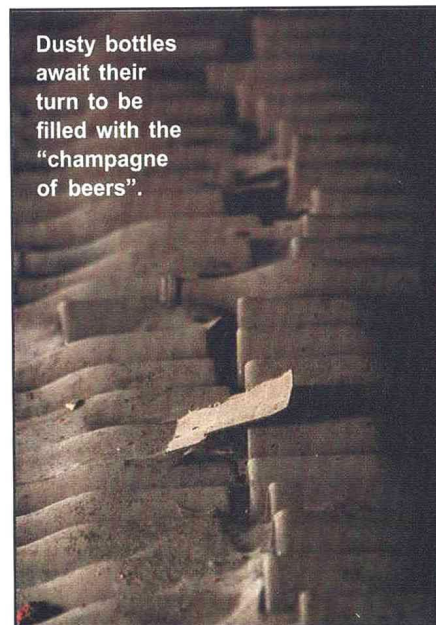
Entering the barrel room is a bizarre experience. Dozens and dozens of vats are arranged in rows; the pipes, barrels and other paraphernalia all noisy with bubbling liquid.

The humid air is drenched with the mildly acidic aroma of fermenting Gueuze. Each barrel seems alive, as the mixture's clear colour accumulates around the barrel's lip. "The bigger the vat, the better the Gueuze," say many connoisseurs. If these are shared and accepted opinions, there are only three brewers who fit the bill: Hanssens, Boon and Cantillon.

A two-year maturation process creates an alchemy, the secrets of which have yet to be discovered. This precious concoction dressed in a warm, golden brown colour, mildly effervescent and re-fermented in the bottle a la methode champenoise give it the appellation "Belgian champagne".



The big hall is where the Lambic matures into Gueuze before it is bottled.



Dusty bottles await their turn to be filled with the "champagne of beers".

"Ninety-five percent aged Gueuze with five percent young Gueuze," advocates Frank Boon. The aged Gueuze, which loses its CO₂ in the wooden casks, will be, literally, revitalised by the young Gueuze and acquire its effervescence in the final (re)fermentation in the bottle. Next stop, the bottling and finally, the tasting. Sour, mildly bitter but fruity and slightly acidic, Gueuze is especially appreciated by the informed palate. Moreover, Gueuze is the only beer that can be consumed by diabetics, because it has so little sugar in it.

To taste the living art that Brueghel depicted in his famous painting, *La Vie Flamande*, where revellers quench their thirst with large tankards of Lambic, is a way — both light and full of character — to relax with a brewski in style. ☐

Bedroom Eyes



When you have bedroom eyes like Kylie, you get noticed. So it's little surprise that this dark-haired beauty receives her fair share of attention. Men are drawn to her like bees to honey.

"At parties, I usually get to talk to every guy there, whether he's with someone or not," she says.

"I don't have to wait long before I get a man's attention — in more ways than one!

"And if you really want to make my pupils dilate, just suck on my toes, it drives me wild with desire." ☐

Photography by Stephen Hicks
www.hicksphoto.com

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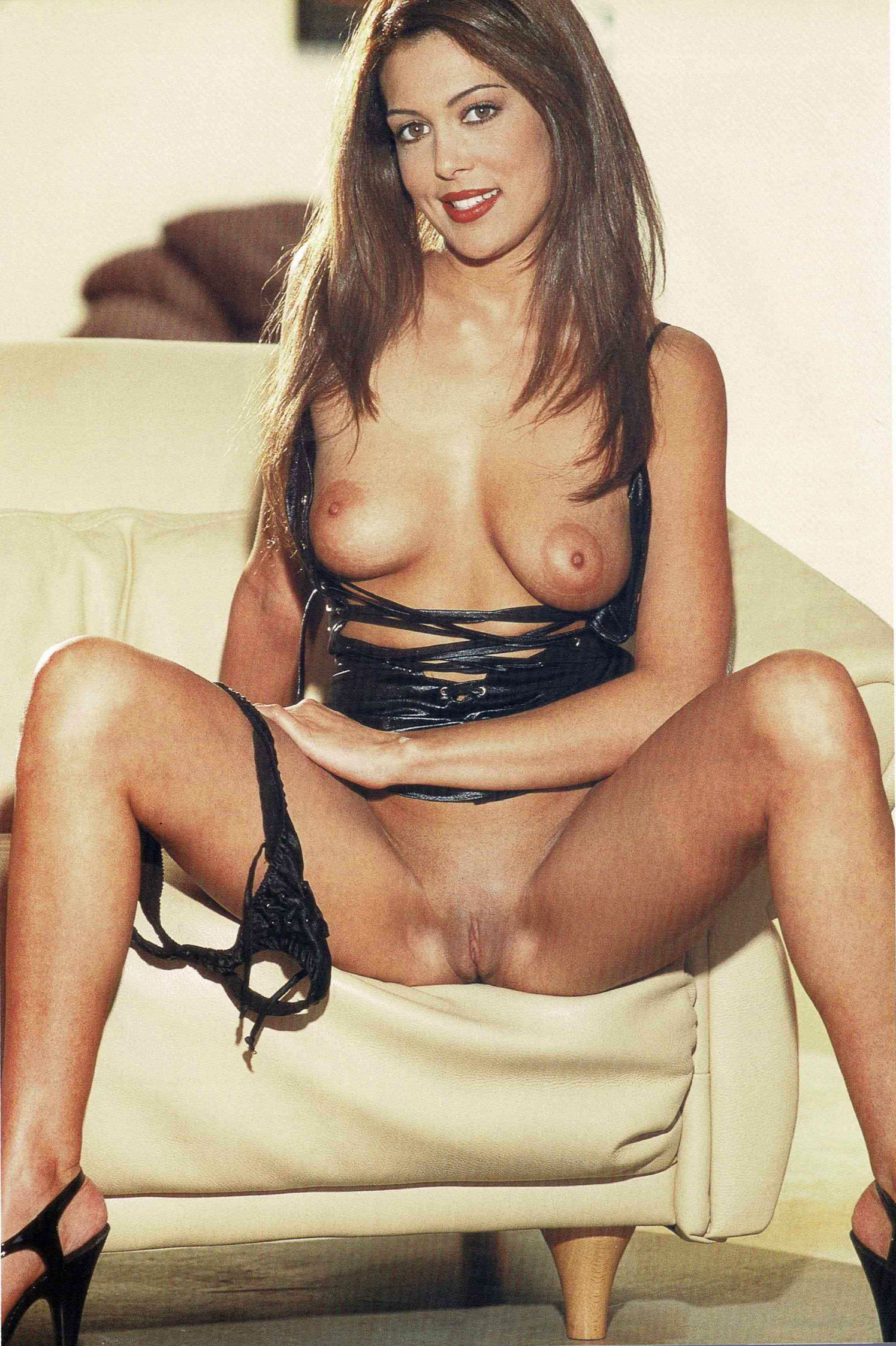
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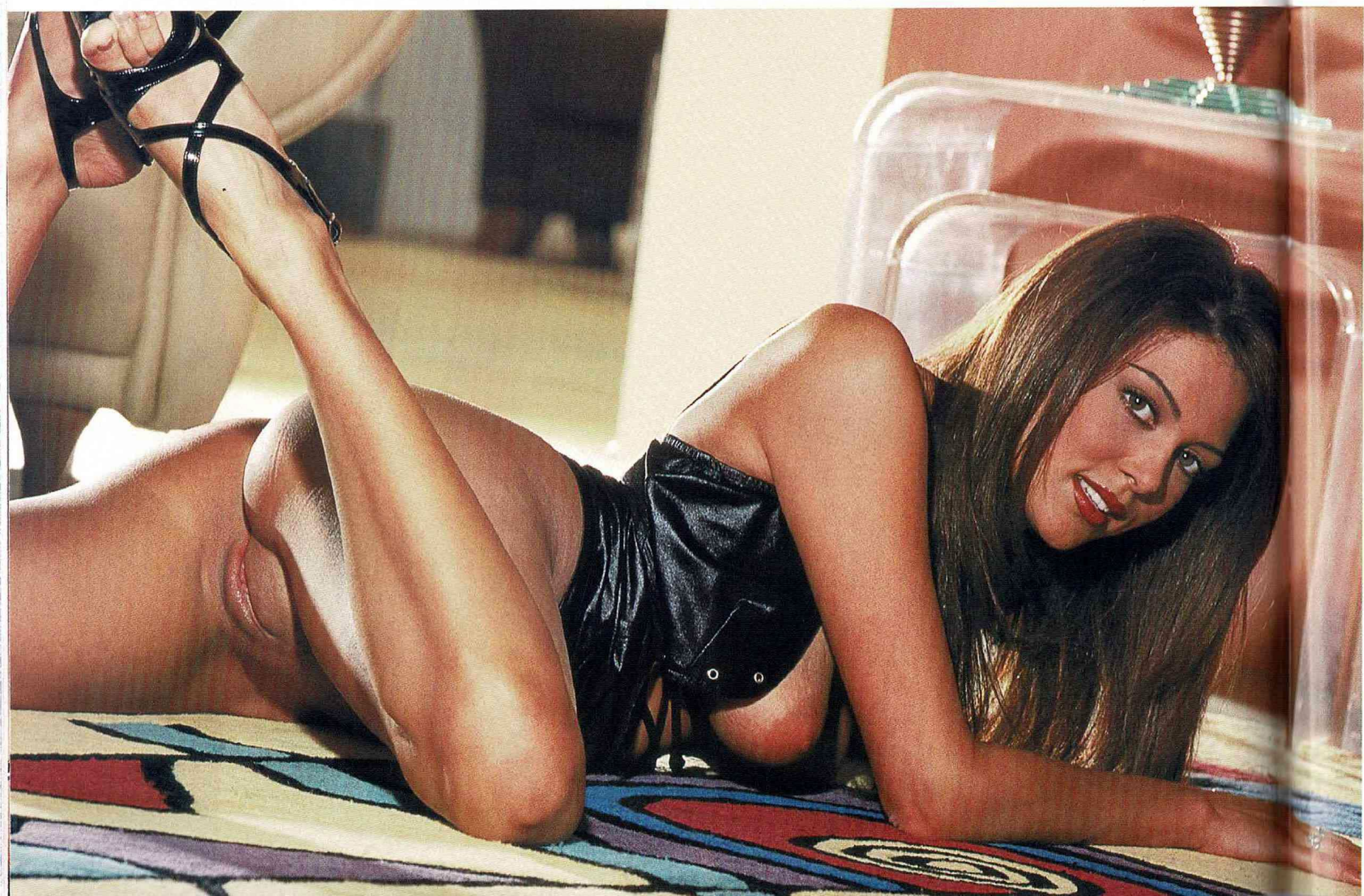
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Words by Joe Gardiner/Bizarre Magazine/Planet Syndication
Photography by Mark Eilbeck

Charlotte had her first snowboard lesson when she was 13. Now, at only 21, she's riding for the Swatch Pro Team.

The mountains are an unforgiving place. Charlotte underlines the dangers of a sport that many think of as just a glamorous way to get down a mountain. "People think 'Oh it looks pretty over there' and they don't think of the dangers. It could all slip away or the weather could come in or the temperature could drop."

Although she's never been caught in an avalanche, Charlotte takes no chances. However, sometimes matters are taken out of her control.

"In Poland at a junior world championships, they shut the mountain because it was really bad weather and instead of downloading everyone they just shut the mountain. I'd never been on that mountain before and didn't know my way around. We were stuck up on this hill and it was getting dark. People around me were really panicking. They shut all the power off so there were no lifts, which meant that you had to walk to the top and then try to find your way down in the dark. I managed to get down, I think everyone else did, too — there might be someone still stuck up there — that was pretty scary."

Charlotte had her first snowboard lesson when she was 13. Now, at only 21, she's riding for the Swatch Pro Team, has been a British Junior team member for five consecutive years and has consistently been ranked among the top women in the country.

In 1997, she was the first Brit to win prize money at the US Open. But Charlotte remains unfazed by her obvious success: "You have to remember why you got into the sport in the first place — and that's because you love doing it."

And just what is it that she loves? "When you're up on the mountain, you're free and you don't have to rely on anyone

else. You can get away from it all."

And the partying? "I like partying. Snowboarders go out more than other people because they don't have to get up so early and because you have to meet people and socialise [even sports stars have to network]."

And it's not all snow-business: Charlotte is currently the (very attractive) face of Vidal Sassoon and has a successful career on the books of the prestigious Storm modelling agency.

BLUFFER'S GUIDE TO SNOWBOARDING

Tail grab — "Grabbing the back of your board."

Stale fish — "Using your backhand and grabbing in between your heels."

Indie — "Grabbing the board between your toes with your backhand. A backhand, frontside grab."

Method — "Like a reverse indie — grab the heel edge of your board with your front hand."

Did someone say backside grab?

Spin — 180, 360.

Fake/Switch — riding backwards.

Eat Shit — crash.

INJURIES

"Injuries take you out for six to eight weeks. There's not much you can do about it, you just have to chill out."

Broken: Left ankle, collarbone, wrist, right arm.

Concussion: "I had to have special pills to get air to my brain."

"I've got a good X-ray — I was wearing earrings so there's my skull with these big earrings!"

Whether it's coming off your bike as you hurtle down a mountain at 100km/h, going face-first down a flight of concrete stairs or hitting the water so hard it stings the back of your eyeballs, these women risk everything to snatch the extra fractions of a second that could win them the number one spot in the ultra-competitive world of extreme sports.

fast women

CHARLOTTE DUTTON

Snowboarder

Age: 21

Nationality: British

fast women

BLUFFER'S GUIDE TO WAKEBOARDING

Whirlybird — tantrum with a 360 thrown into it.

Stale fish — backhand backside grab.

Tootsies Roll — front side front flip with blind 180 (pass the handle behind your back).

Scarecrow — front side front with regular 180.

Stack — crash, wipe-out.

"You can get a lot of speed into a tantrum and make them quite big. You cut into the wake, turn the board and do a full backflip."

WILL CHRISTIAN

Age: 27

Height: 162cm

Ranking: Third in UK/
Fourth in Europe

When Will Christian throws a tantrum people applaud. That's because her tantrums don't involve so much wailing and crying, more big air and a backflip (see bluffer's guide left).

"You can get a lot of speed into a tantrum and make them quite big, you cut into the wake, turn the board and do a full backflip," she says.

And her tantrums have earned her a sponsorship deal with O'Neil, Blindside Wakeboards, and Aquatic Sports.

What snowboarding is to skiing, wakeboarding is to waterskiing. The boards are shorter and wider than snowboards, but they have similar fixed bindings. The boat is designed to kick out a big ramp of water behind it and a fully loaded wake boat will make a wave as high as your knee.

When Will rides these waves she swings out wide on the rope behind the boat then cuts back into it, picking up speed, hits the ramp of water and uses it to launch herself into the air to perform tricks. As you might expect from a sport

like this, tricks pulled off in the free run are marked for "intensity".

"It's like how big you go on a trick — someone might do a trick and just make it look a bit weak and someone else might go out and cut into it and do it twice as big and that's more intense."

The tricks fall into three categories. "There's grabs [in which you grab the board], spins [as it says on the tin] and inverts [flips, going head over heels and landing the right way up]." And combinations of all three (see bluffer's guide).

The boat might only be pulling you along at about 50km/h but you build up a lot of speed cutting into the wave, and stacking can hurt a lot.

"The worst stack you can have is when you catch an edge. You can go down so fast you don't even have time to shut your eyes and it feels like the water is going behind your eyeballs. That's really harsh, it just STINGS!"

And other injuries await the wakeboarder: "If you wakeboard for long enough you'll tend to smack up your knees eventually," says Will "but don't put all the negative stuff in!"

Okay, wakeboarding does have some serious upsides to it, as Will explains: "It's the feeling of flying. When you get big air it's a great feeling. And there's this sense of harnessing and using energy and the release of that energy is a real rush."

Recently in wakeboarding the Americans have started to introduce a lot of hidden kickers and sliding rails into competition and they're pretty scary, because at the end of the day it's a hard object and if you fall on it it's going to hurt more than the water.

"I find them quite freaky — it's a new wave of wakeboarding that's just started in the past year and is getting really big in the sport now." But it's not all about competitions: "If you took the competition out of wakeboarding people wouldn't stop doing the sport 'cause it's such a lifestyle-based thing anyway."

And then there are the parties. "Put it this way, it's not the sort of sport where people are hung up about being so into the competition that there isn't room for a bit of fun, if you know what I mean."

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SARI JORGENSEN
Downhill Mountain Biker
Age: 21
Nationality: Swiss

Sari is hurtling down a rock-strewn path, grit flying up in her face, knees being pounded with every flick and twist of the bike beneath her. Only her lightning reactions, lithe athletic body, raw instinct and sheer guts keep the Swatch Pro Team rider in the saddle. And it's all there in her eyes as she unbuckles the chinstrap of her crash helmet, a look of exhilaration and passion born of knowing that you're pushing yourself to the edge of your abilities — and still that's not far enough. It's a look that says Sari is a champion. "I got into mountain bikes through my older brother, he was Swiss downhill champion in 1992."

Cycling is a huge pastime in Holland — understandable when you see that the country is practically flat — but Switzerland is a different prospect. The mountains mean you're either going up or down and it was the down that Sari was drawn to.

"My whole family rode bikes — both my brothers, my two sisters and my parents, we'd ride cross-country, but then I got into dual slalom and downhill racing."

With chain grease in her blood she was put through a tough apprenticeship on the slopes: "My first downhill race was on a hard tail [a bike with no rear suspension] and at speeds of up to 100km/h you're going to feel every bump and knock."

In the nine years since, Sari's watched the world rush by in a blur at the edge of her field of vision, taking her from a second place in her first junior European championships in 1995 to a senior world ranking of fourth for downhill and third for dual slalom and picking up sponsorship deals with Yeti, Tomac and placing top five consistently in world competition in America, Australia and her home, Switzerland.

"My first downhill race was on a hard tail [a bike with no rear suspension] and at speeds of up to 100km/h you're going to feel every bump and knock."

"The first time I went overseas, for a World Cup in Canada, my bike was stolen," Sari recalls, "so I borrowed one from Yeti, came in ninth on it and they took me with them to America where I ended up in sixth place at the World Cup."

In 1998 she became junior world champion and came second in the Kaprun World Cup in 1999. Last year wasn't so good.

"Not so much luck," as Sari herself puts it, but ironically, for someone who throws herself into the maw of danger, it wasn't riding downhill that caused her latest injury. "Right now I'm injured. I broke a collarbone last October riding motocross — and four weeks ago I broke the other one."

It was discovered then, during X-rays in hospital, that the first collarbone break hadn't healed correctly so they put in a metal plate, fixed into the bone with eight screws on each collarbone.

"I'm out for a few more weeks from now," she says. But as soon as she's fit she'll be back on her bike and back on the mountains.

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- **I'Y YO FUN** •
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- **TOUCH ME HERE** •
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- **ALL ALONE** •
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- **WE'RE SO HORNY!** •
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- **LUSTY GIRL** •
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- **WATCH ME WORK** •
"I want a guy who isn't afraid to be dominated!" Let her go to work on you.
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- **WANTS IT HOT** •
This sexy lady wants to play until you beg her to stop!
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- **LOOKING FOR FUN** •
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VICTORIA SWINGING COUPLES

- **MALE WANTED** •
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- **LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE** •
Adventurous lady sought by horny couple looking to play dirty.
VMB 94607
- **FIRST TIMERS** •
First time swingers looking for sexy pair to join in raunchy games
VMB 97771
- **LET'S GET TOGETHER** •
Young couple seek others for raunchy casual sex meets.
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- **WAITING FOR SEX** •
Eager couple want raunchy sex romps and they want it now!
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- **WILD PARTY!** •
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- **RAUNCHY FLINGS** •
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- **BLONDE FANTASY** •
Meet with this sexy 19 yo to live out your fantasies.
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- **NAUGHTY GIRL** •
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- **WANTS IT NOW** •
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WESTERN AUST. SWINGING COUPLES

- **SWINGERS BLISS** •
Horny couple searching for swingers or ladies to join in the fun
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- **HARD MAN NEEDED** •
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- **SAUCY SEX GROUP** •
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SOUTH AUST. LADIES SEEKING GUYS

- **PLAY WITH ME** •
"I want to be played with!" This 18 yo is hot, waiting and ready!
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- **HOTTIE** •
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VMB 97703
- **I WANT YOU** •
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- **KINKY FUN** •
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- **NAUGHTY WIFE** •
Bad girl wants raunchy sex while her husband's away.
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- **HOT & WET** •
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SOUTH AUST. SWINGING COUPLES

- **SEX GAMES** •
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CHARLIE ROBERTSON
 Skateboarder
 Age: 28
 Nationality: Australian

"I crave the feeling of my stomach being turned inside out, the freedom, the buzz and pure adrenaline of hitting the wake and getting huge air."

What do you do when at the age of 28 you find yourself in a new country on the other side of the world from all your friends and your previous life as a skate punk? Easy: get a job programming the sport you love on the Extreme Sports Channel. That's what "Gnarly" Charlie did and as she says, she's "loving every minute of it".

"From an early age I was always told that I was wilder than most," Charlie says, her voice barely concealing the

glee that memories of her wilful youth bring back. "I'd launch myself down flights of stairs in laundry baskets and jump off high walls. I always had this strong fascination with speed!" And she doesn't mean the narcotic.

"It was an addiction to adrenaline," says Charlie of skateboarding. "And stomping parties, the incredible feeling of being rebellious and being out all night just skating and messing around with your friends."

This is the studied bad attitude that dresses in baggy jeans and studded belts.

A skate punk lifestyle played out across the country to a soundtrack of fast, loud rock. But that was then. Now, Charlie fills the time she's not putting in at the Extreme Sports Channel wakeboarding.

"I crave the feeling of my stomach being turned inside out, the freedom, the buzz and pure adrenaline of hitting the wake and getting huge air."

Wakeboarding soon replaced skateboarding in Charlie's affections and anyway. "It was faster," she says. And it probably helps that water is a lot less abrasive than concrete, too. 

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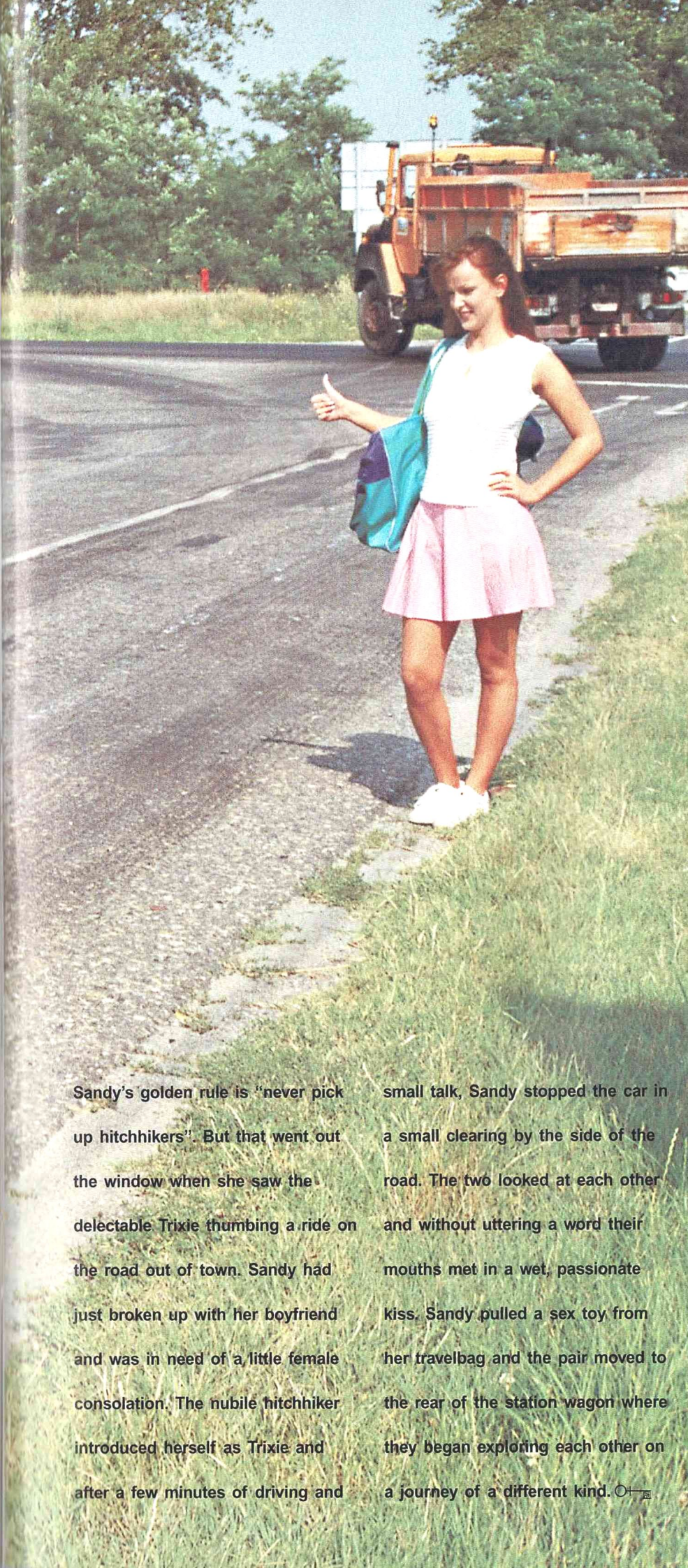
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The Hitchhiker

Photography by Viv Thomas



Sandy's golden rule is "never pick up hitchhikers". But that went out the window when she saw the delectable Trixie thumbing a ride on the road out of town. Sandy had just broken up with her boyfriend and was in need of a little female consolation. The nubile hitchhiker introduced herself as Trixie and after a few minutes of driving and

small talk, Sandy stopped the car in a small clearing by the side of the road. The two looked at each other and without uttering a word their mouths met in a wet, passionate kiss. Sandy pulled a sex toy from her travelbag and the pair moved to the rear of the station wagon where they began exploring each other on a journey of a different kind. 









CARAVAN OF

LUST

You won't find any clowns at this travelling circus — just French delights baring all at bargain prices.

Clouds of tobacco smoke, aggressive bouncers, half-drunk punters with sweaty armpits — the hallmarks of your typical strip show in Sydney's Kings Cross, only it's not Australia, it's France and rather than the patrons going to a red-light district to catch the action, the strip show *comes to them*. A crowd of men, of indeterminate age and social standing — most of them pissed — sit transfixed. Through the rising plumes of cigarette smoke and cock-rock music they watch, mouths agape, as a girl slides her knickers down from her hips, along her shapely legs to her ankles before tossing them aside. She begins to writhe provocatively to the music. Vive le live show!

Words and photos by Olivier Chouchana

"I don't do it for the money, I do it because I love showing myself. I find it wonderful. I love touching myself in front of men. I love to turn them on."

caravan of lust

The French aren't called the "fortunate frogs" for nothing. For just a few francs they can watch a strip show, close up and personal, in one of the country's touring strip caravans. At fetes and fairs men line up in great numbers outside the portable theatres — many of them enticed by spruikers, just like at strip joints in Sydney's King Cross or Melbourne's St Kilda. Or at least they used to. The availability of soft-core porn videos and magazines in service stations and village shops in France is leading to what many predict will be the slow death of this portable burlesque.

But the strip caravans, whose history goes back to the red-light district of Paris after World War II, and that now turn up at fairs and sporting events like the Le Mans 24-hour motor race, have a special revolving door appeal for some punters. Many come out one side and go right back to join the queue on the other, visiting four or five times to enjoy the intimate atmosphere, the beautiful girls and the booze.

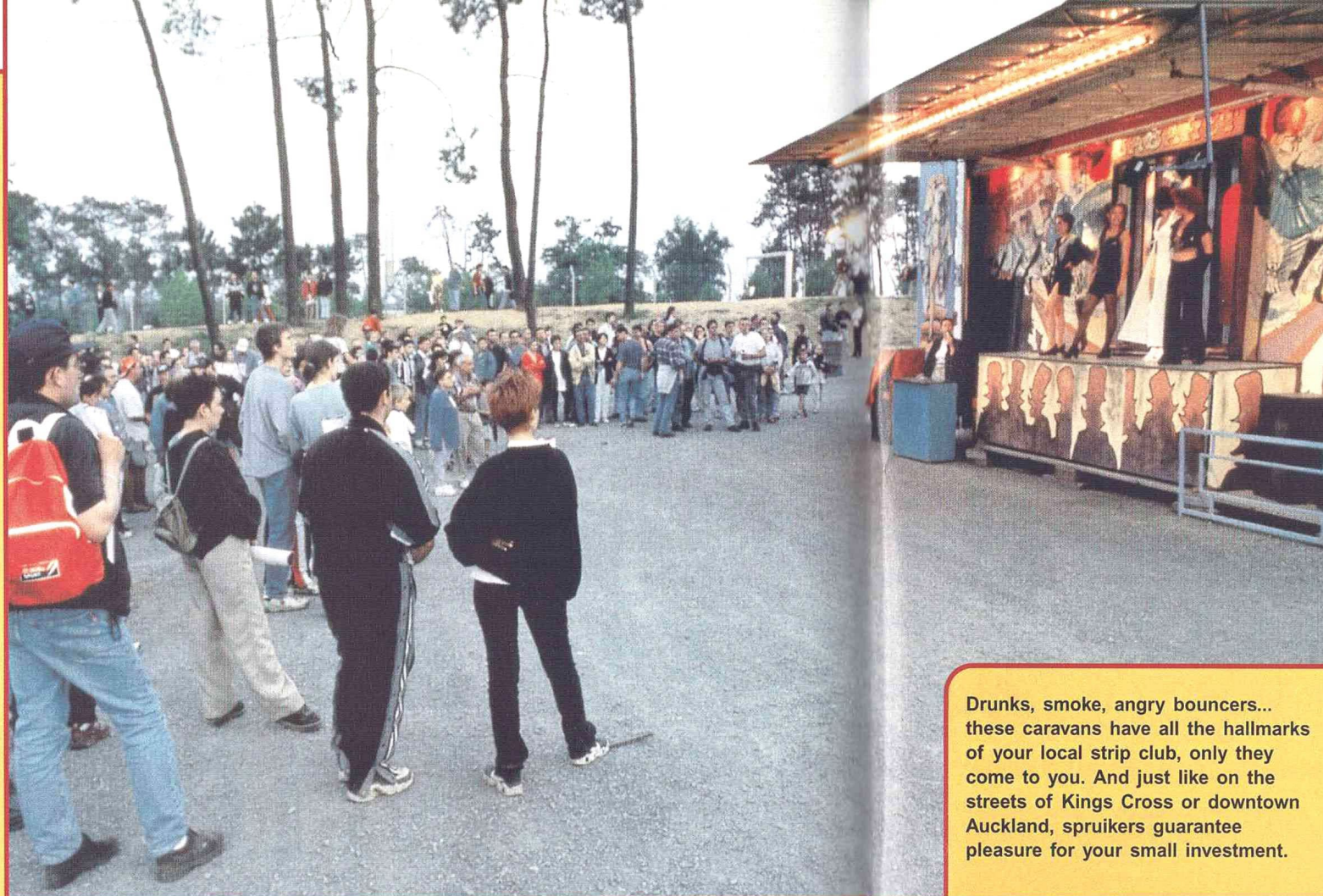
Although they're much less seedy than most strip clubs, there's always an element of danger. Like strip clubs here, there's a bouncer to keep things in hand. But they're more token figures than anything else. After all, with the dancers within arm's reach of their highly excitable and oft-pissed clientele, how effective could one man be at stopping a horny, inebriated mob should they run riot?

The Owner

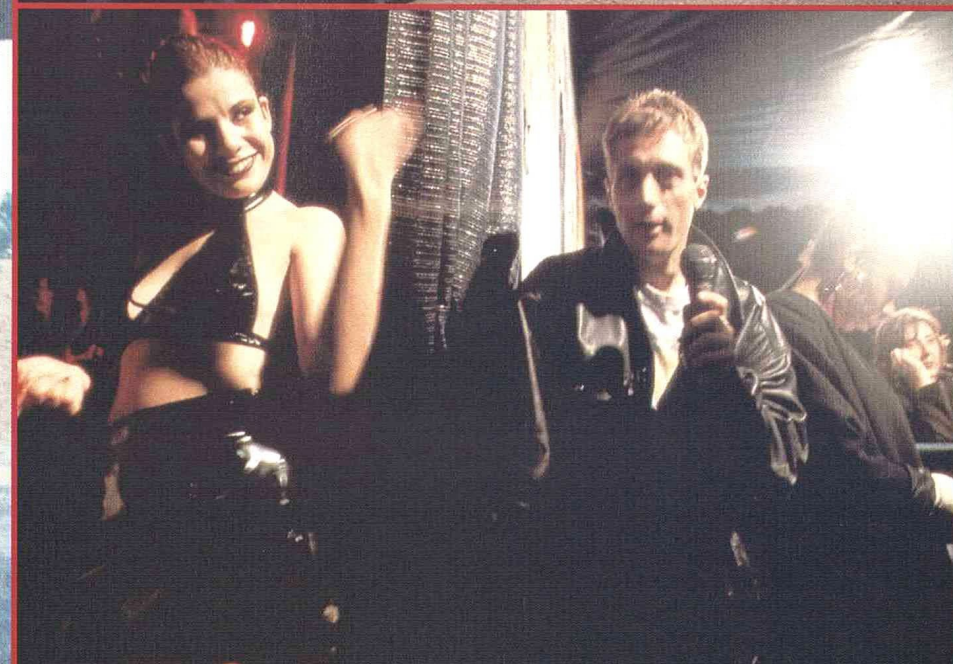
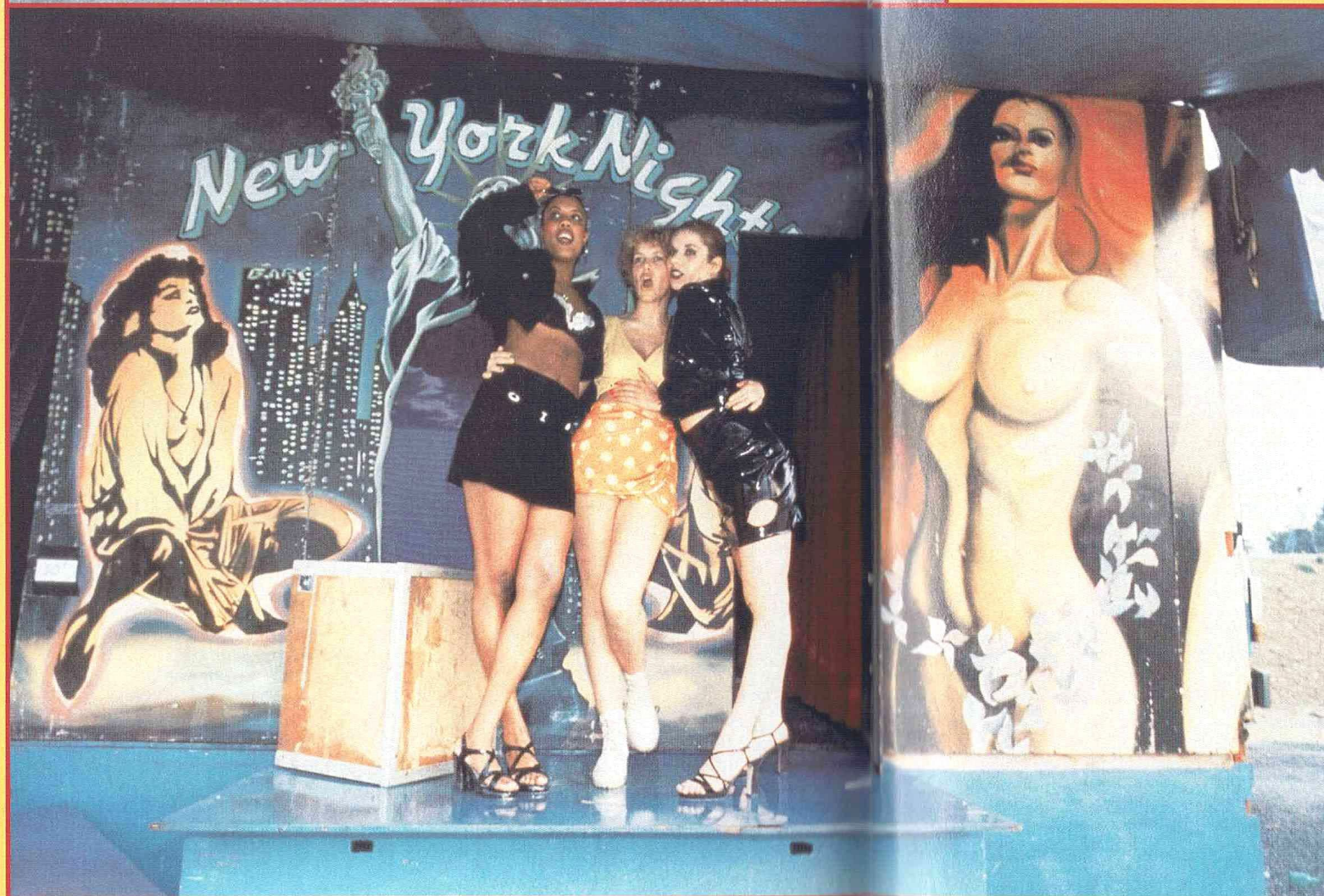
Michèle is a veteran of the sex industry, who's been running two strip show caravans (the Crazy Pigalle's and the New York Nights) for nearly 30 years. Michèle believes he runs two of the last attractions of this kind in Europe, and mourns the passing of a great tradition.

"It's very difficult to find places and fairs that accept this kind of show. I also have a 9-to-5 job in Paris, but this is my passion, I love it, but it requires a lot of time and organisation. I wish I could do this full-time — it's more fun," he says.

"They are part of what we call *entrée sortie* attractions in the trade — literally 'get in, get out' — because there's a quick turnover of customers. It's very different from a strip club, so I recruit



Drunks, smoke, angry bouncers... these caravans have all the hallmarks of your local strip club, only they come to you. And just like on the streets of Kings Cross or downtown Auckland, spruikers guarantee pleasure for your small investment.



caravan of lust

girls who know the business very well or they wouldn't last.

"We used to go to a motor race called the Bol D'Or in Le Castellet, but we stopped because the crowd got way too wild. One night some clients threw glass bottles at us and then burned out the interior of the caravan."

"For 40 francs (\$10) entry you get a 20-minute show, and we run continually from 8 or 9pm until the punters go home. I announce each girl outside and they come onstage one by one and do a little dance for the crowd. I excite the people by telling them that those girls are very hot and are going to give them the strip of their life."

The Stripper

Celia, 24, is an experienced stripper who's worked in night clubs and what she likes to call "erotic salons" in France and Belgium. She was surprised to learn the strip show caravans still existed when a friend recruited her to work for Michèle. Now she is one of the four regular girls who perform for a few minutes each, doing dozens of shows every night.

"I don't do it for the money, I do it because I love showing myself. I find it wonderful. I love touching myself in front of men. I love to turn them on. I only get around 2000-3000 francs (\$525-\$780) for four nights' work here."



"It's different because the crowd is close and we can really see their reactions. Their eyes are stuck on our boobs and fannies..."

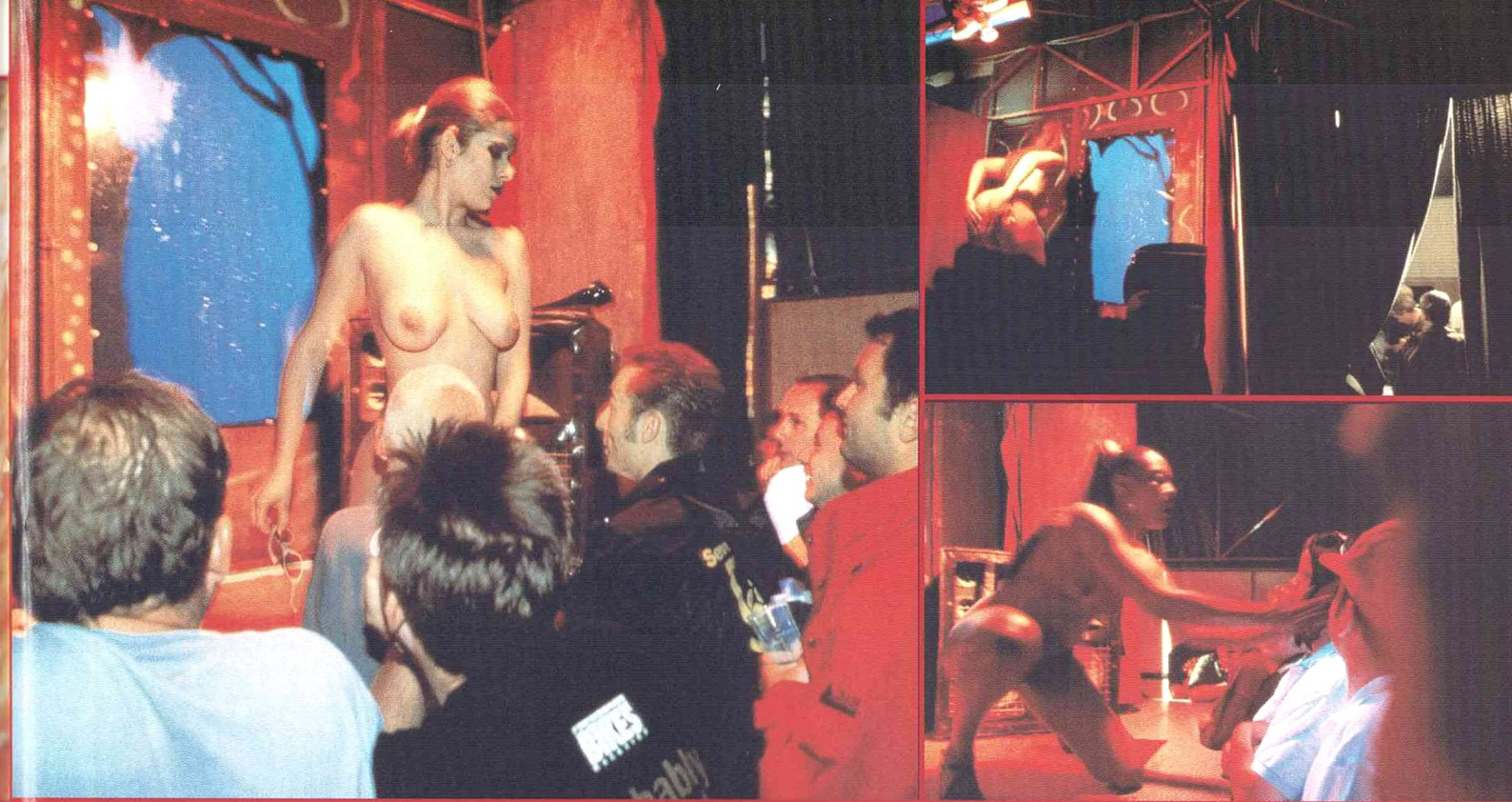
"It's a different work atmosphere. It's non-stop from beginning to end and the men only come to look at naked women. We have choreography as well as a set of costumes for the caravan shows, and everything is prepared carefully in advance. In a traditional club it's less synchronised and practised, and you'd expect to dance for 15 minutes or more at a time."

"It's also different because the crowd is quite close and we can really see their reactions, their eyes are stuck on our boobs and fannies and nothing else. The

English and Germans give the impression they haven't seen a woman for months, but they are quite respectful. Of course, you'll always get one or two guys who get over-excited and want to do more than just watch. That's why we have bouncers to calm them down."

"Men are happy to see something that's real so close up. I think it's better than looking at a magazine or video. The show doesn't involve sexual intercourse."

continued on page 128



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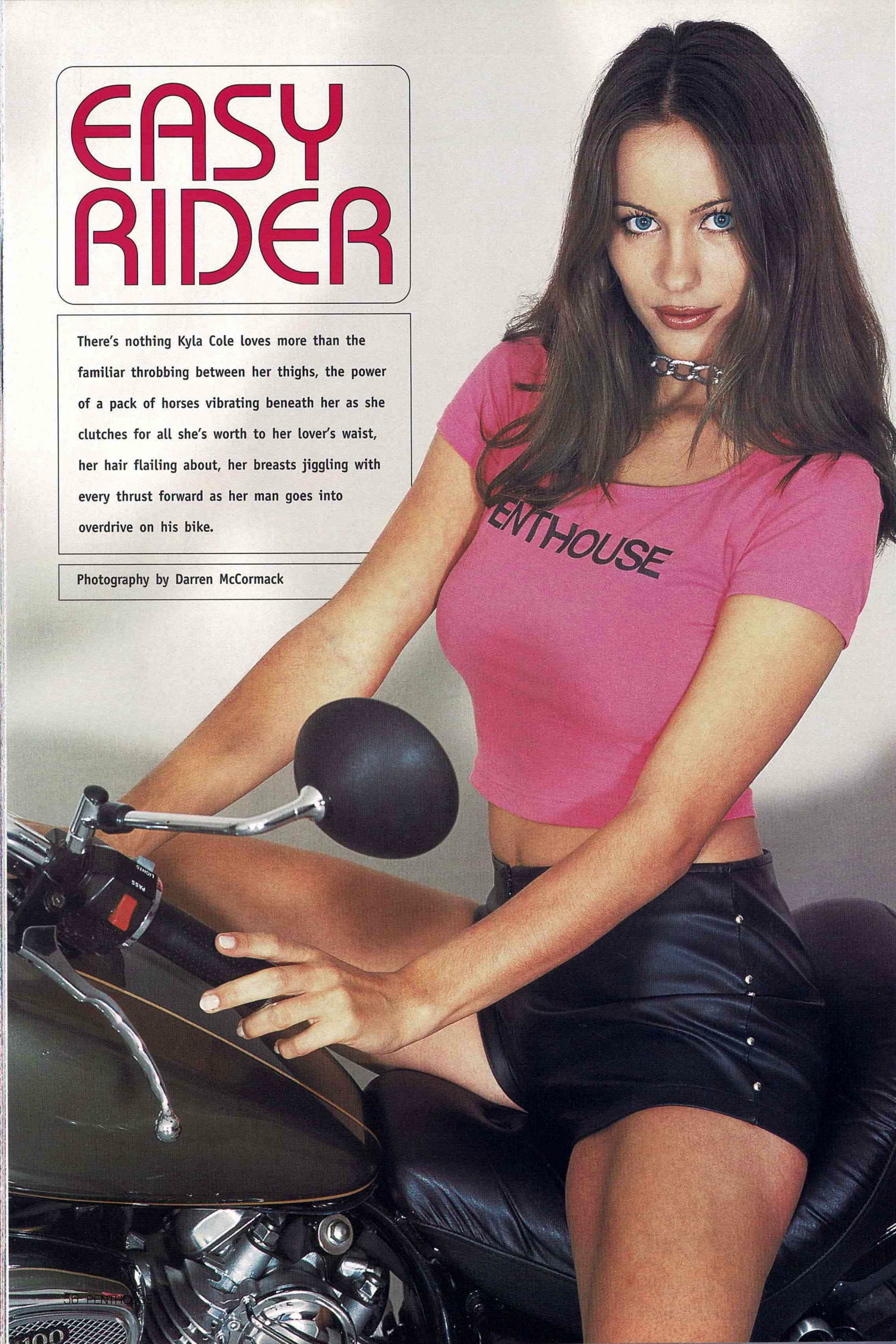


Trailer trash or a welcome distraction from the car races? These travelling strip shows are a dying breed, despite their apparent popularity with men of all nationalities and levels of sobriety. It's a shame they carry that golden rule of "you touch, you go".

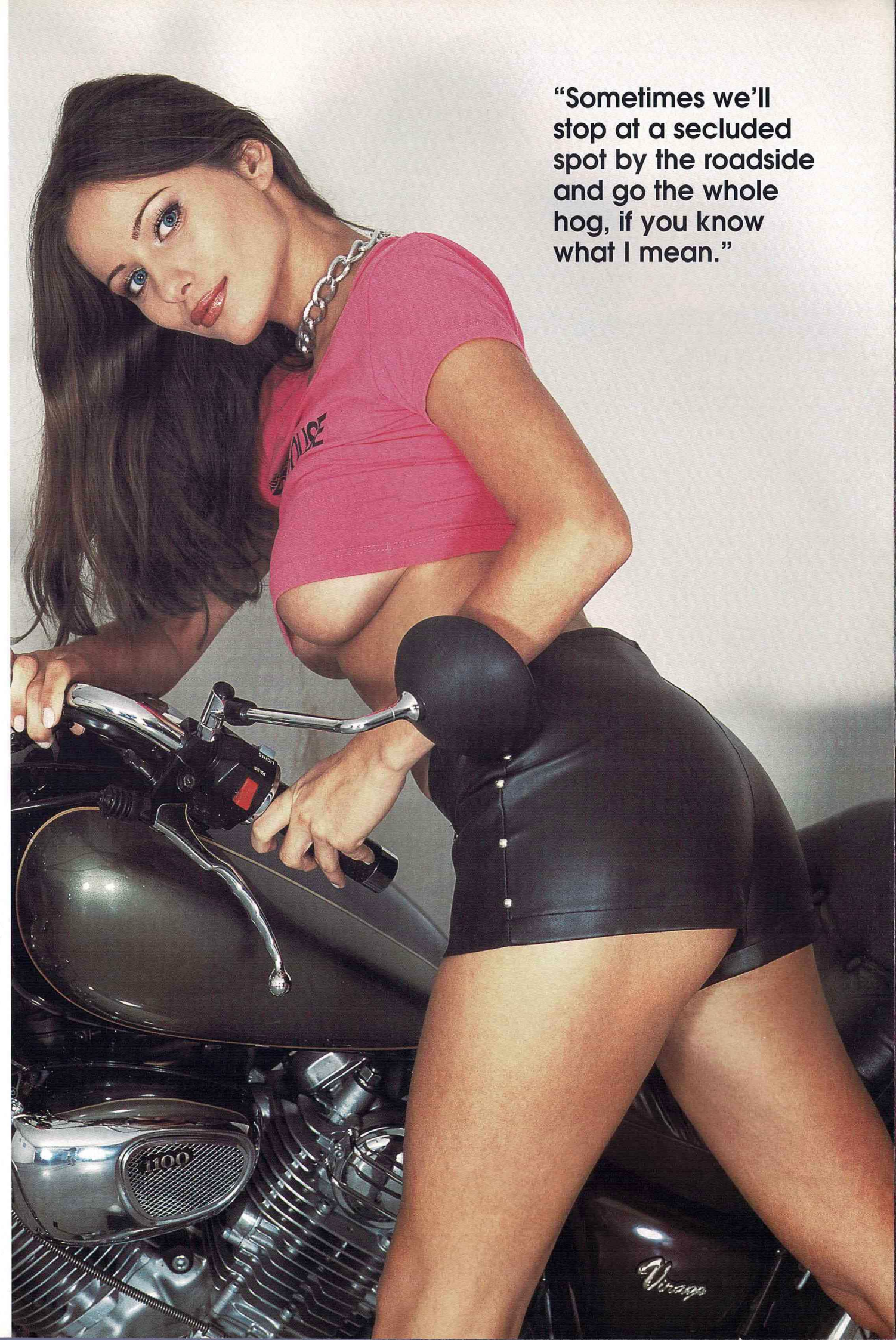
EASY RIDER

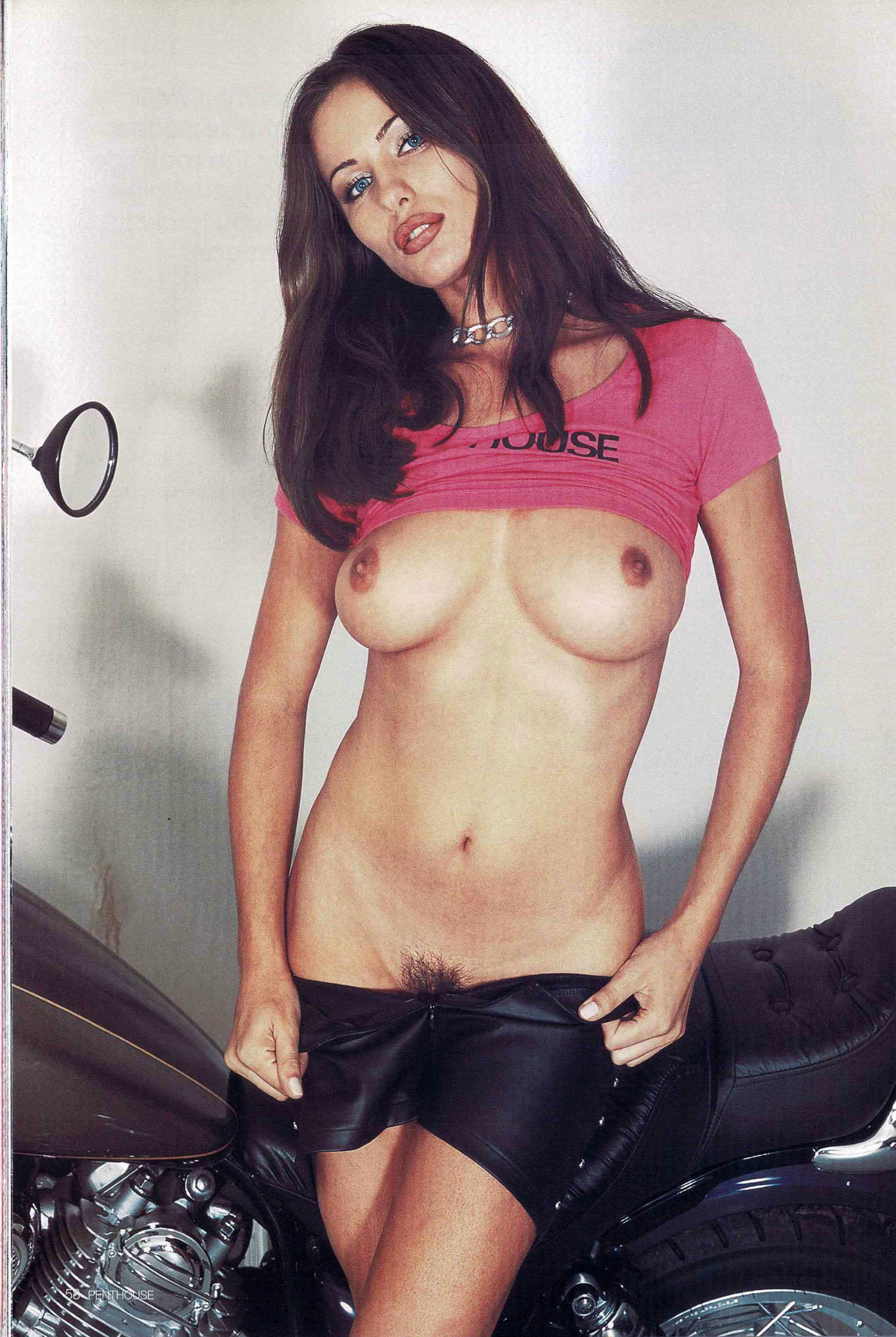
There's nothing Kyla Cole loves more than the familiar throbbing between her thighs, the power of a pack of horses vibrating beneath her as she clutches for all she's worth to her lover's waist, her hair flailing about, her breasts jiggling with every thrust forward as her man goes into overdrive on his bike.

Photography by Darren McCormack



"Sometimes we'll stop at a secluded spot by the roadside and go the whole hog, if you know what I mean."





"Yeah, riding with my man on his bike is a real buzz," the popular model says during this exclusive *Australian Penthouse* shoot.

"Feeling the wind in my hair as I cling tightly to him as we negotiate the curves makes me so wet."

"I'll share a little secret with you: I've come this way on more than one occasion."





"Sometimes we'll stop at a secluded spot by the roadside and go the whole hog, if you know what I mean."

"Sometimes I don't even get off the bike. I just hike my short skirt up, lay back on the leather seat and have him mount me."

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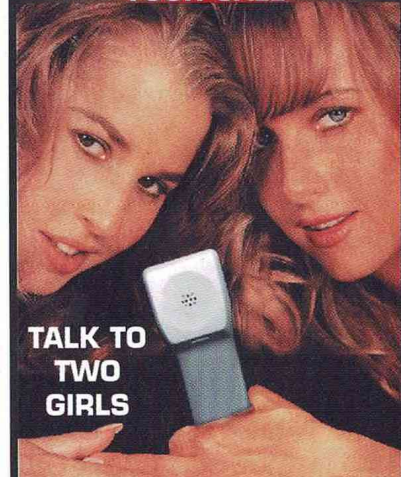
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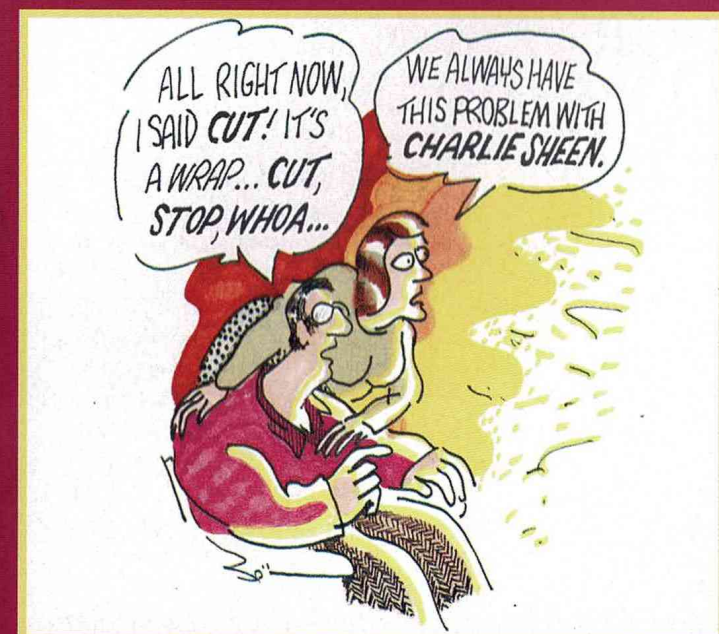
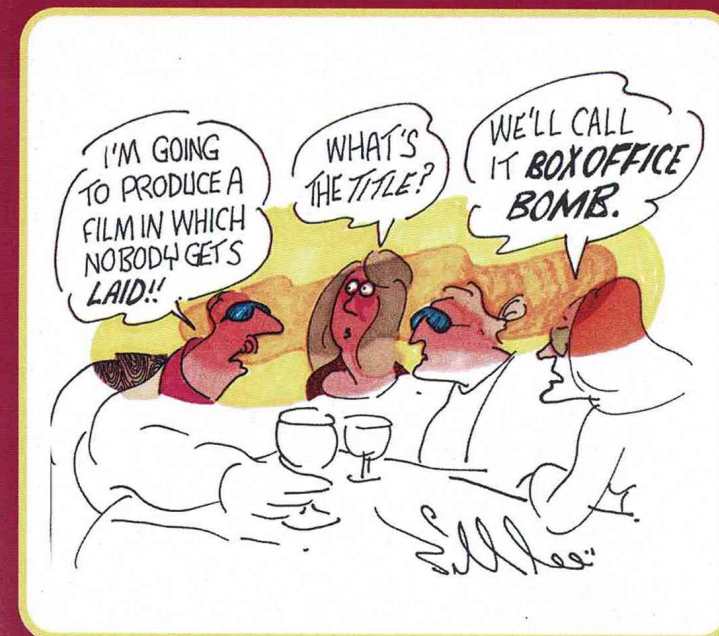
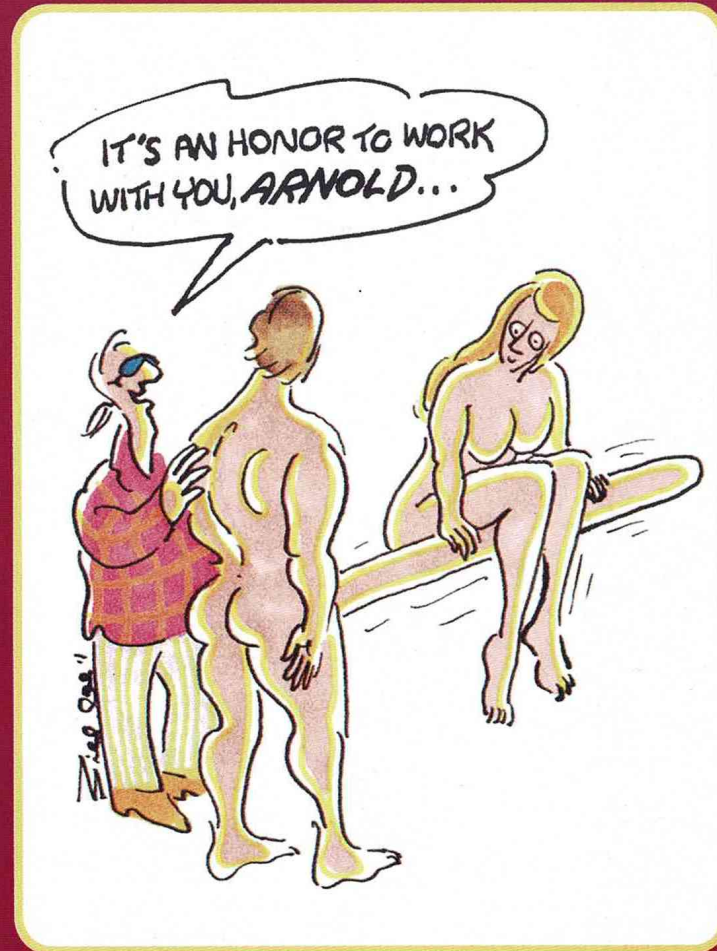
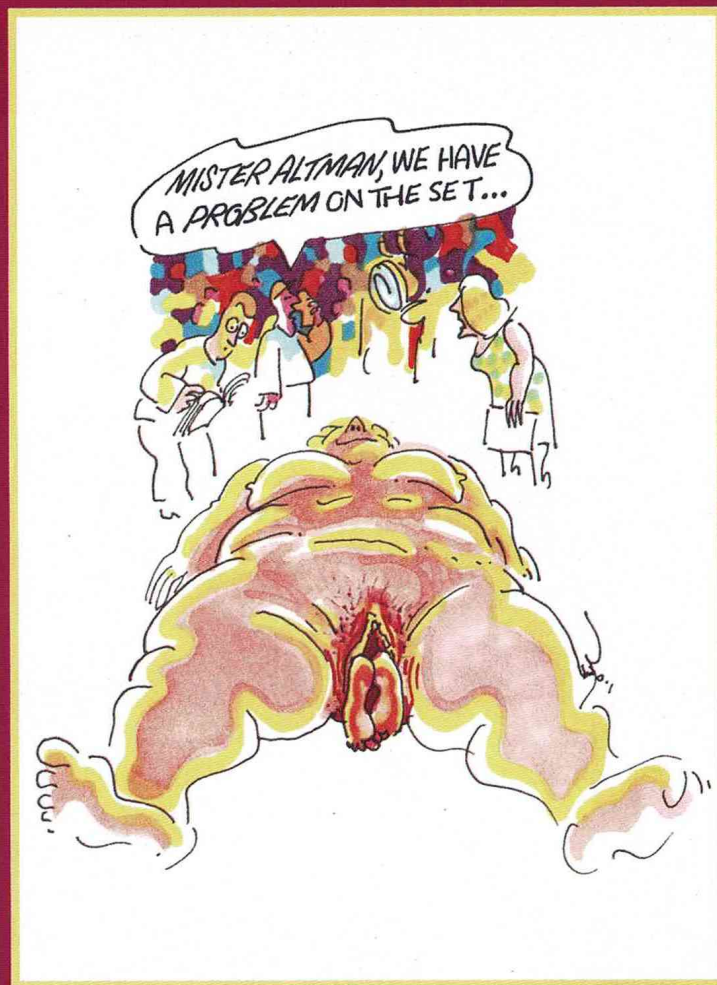
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MOVIES ARE BED-ER THAN EVER

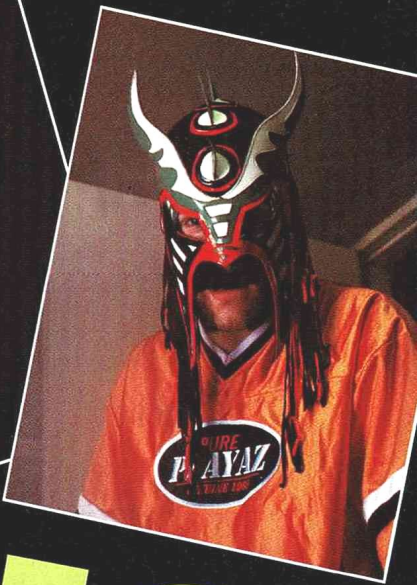
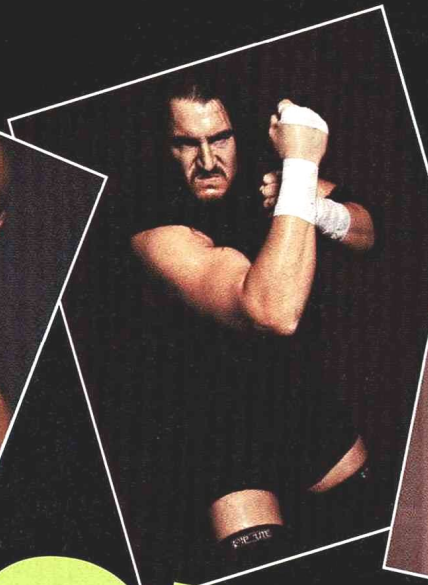
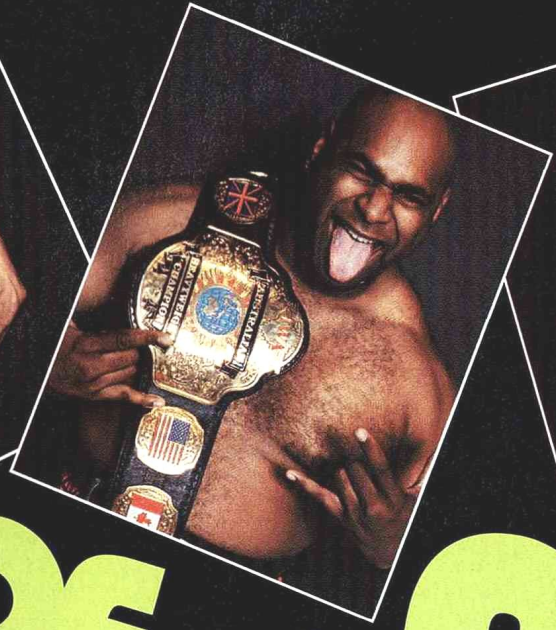
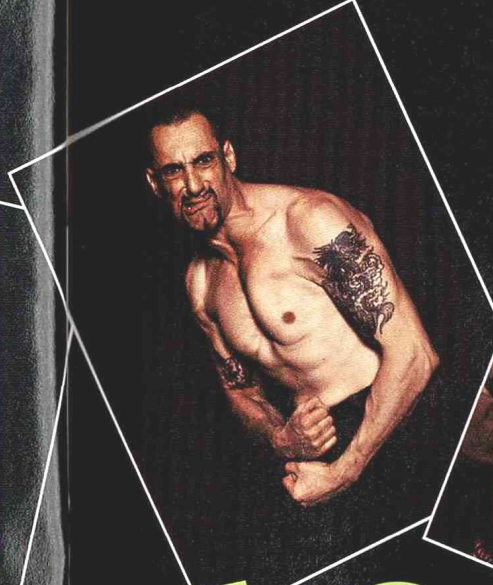
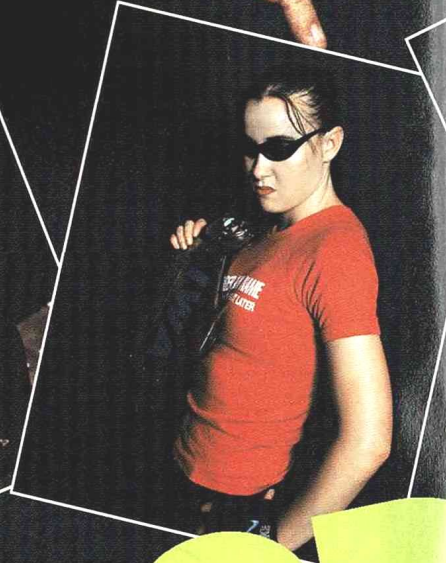
Bill Lee finds that sex is not hard to find at the cinema.



MOVIES ARE BED-ER THAN EVER



Some of the IWA's heavyweights... Main picture: Angus McLoud. Insets (left to right): Jack, Kath Nixxon, Phil Picasso, Chief Levi, Mark Mercedes and Ash Phoenix.



LORDS OF THE RING

Sunday afternoon wrestling was once as much a staple of Australian family life as the Hills Hoist, until the USA's glitzy WWF stole the spotlight. *Australian Penthouse* meets the deranged men and women who are fighting to restore Aussie pro-wrestling to its former glory.

Words by Neal Woolrich and Janine Toms

"Ladies and gentlemen," booms the ringside announcer, "your referee for the main event tonight for the IWA Heavyweight Championship is..."

"Yer mother!" The predictably shit-faced patrons at Sydney University's Manning House Bar crack up at another well-timed — if piss poor — heckle from the sparsely populated crowd. Such is the lot of the performers in Australia's premier professional-wrestling troupe, the International Wrestling Association

(IWA). Tonight the 150-strong student crowd is boisterous, but the wrestlers and ringside announcers feed off every barb that's shot their way. Every insult from the floor can be heard and the thud of every body slam echoes into the far corners of the room.

In the ring — but not for long — is the reigning heavyweight champion of the IWA, Big Phil Picasso, squaring off against his challenger for the most sought-after piece of gold in "sports entertainment" in Australia, Mark Mercedes. Mercedes, a hulking, six-foot-two seasoned pro, enters to a

thunderous KISS tune blasting through the house PA.

Earlier in the evening, Mercedes did his best to get every member of the student crowd offside by insulting "tree-huggers, pinkos and lefties", letting them know that he "worked [his] goddamn butt off so you students could bludge off taxpayers' money". It was the classic pro-wrestling tactic of letting the audience know with sledgehammer subtlety who the bad guy — "the heel" — was. But the line that cracked the entire audience up was Mercedes' jibe that "you university students are so

stupid that you can't recognise that John Howard is the greatest prime minister this country has ever had". The crowd gave Mercedes a loud ovation for managing to deliver this piece of splendidly over-the-top hyperbole with a straight face.

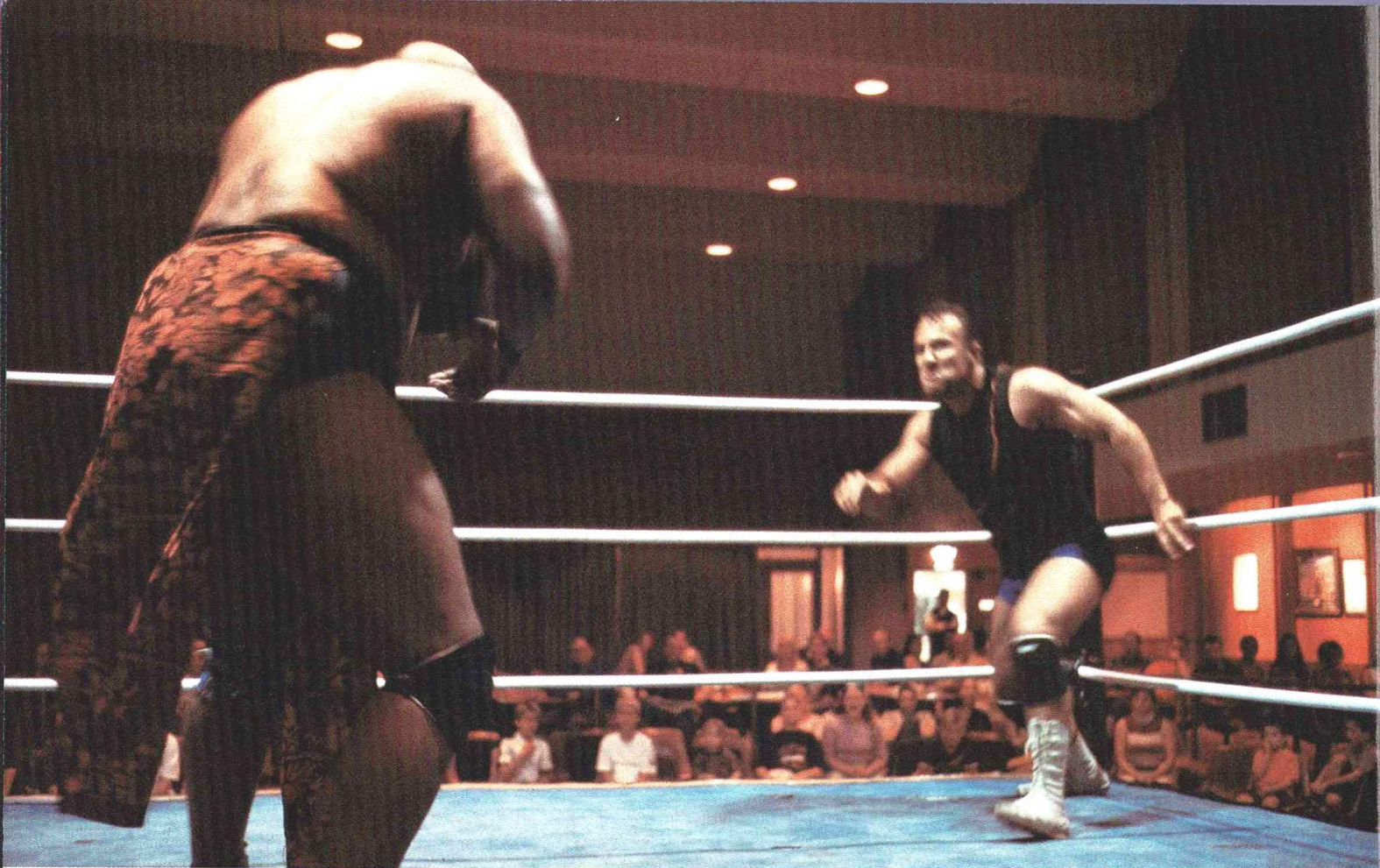
With Mercedes clearly established as the bad guy, it's left to Picasso to play the good guy, or the "baby face". Picasso's "gimmick" — although that's probably unfair given that his onstage character is really just an exaggerated version of his offstage personality — is to come out in torn jeans, a can of

Victoria Bitter in hand and AC/DC's *Highway to Hell* pounding. As he enters the ring, Picasso bellows, "I'm a big drinkin', big hittin' Aussie bloke!"

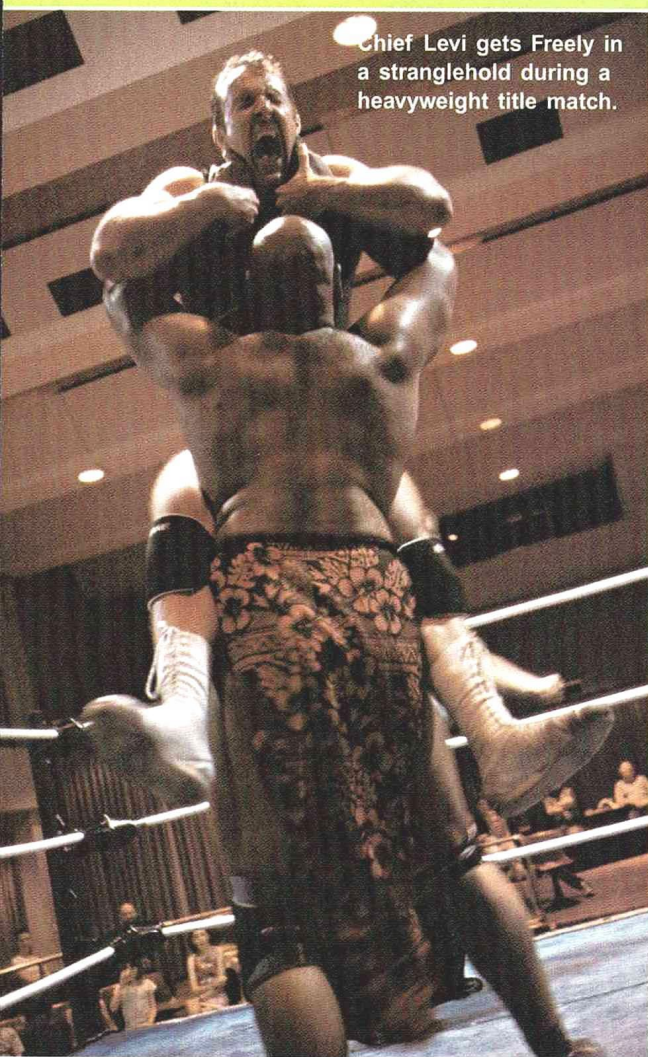
As two of the IWA's star performers, Picasso and Mercedes know how to work a crowd. Picasso, described by the ringside announcers as "260 pounds of insanity", plays up to this billing early on in the bout by laughing at Mercedes as he delivers a series of "chops" across Picasso's chest. While the crowd knows it's all played to a script, they realise there are some things that do hurt. They let out a

succession of "ooohs" and "ahhhs" with every hit, partly playing along with the pantomime, but also in deference to the real punishment that Picasso is absorbing for the show.

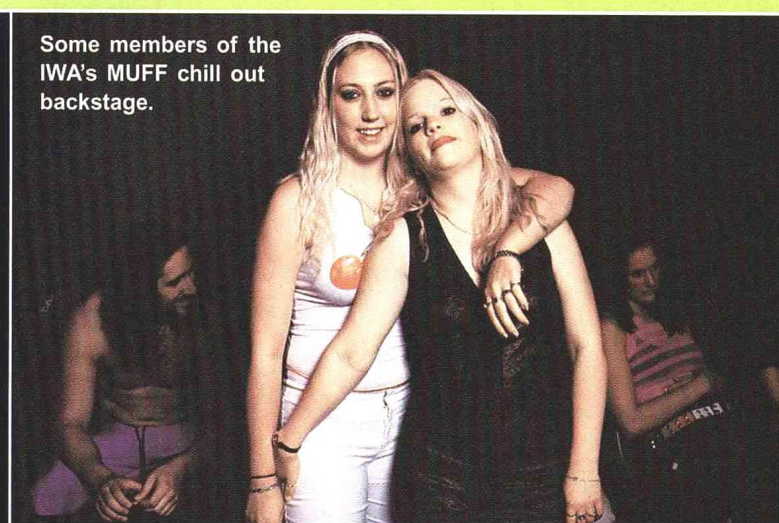
Soon the match spills outside of the ring — no self-respecting wrestler would stage an entire bout within the confines of the squared circle. Picasso gets the upper hand on Mercedes and takes the opportunity to have a breather at a ringside table. A punter hands him a bourbon and Coke, which the "Aussie maniac" swills as if it were lolly water. Mercedes gets to his feet and as the



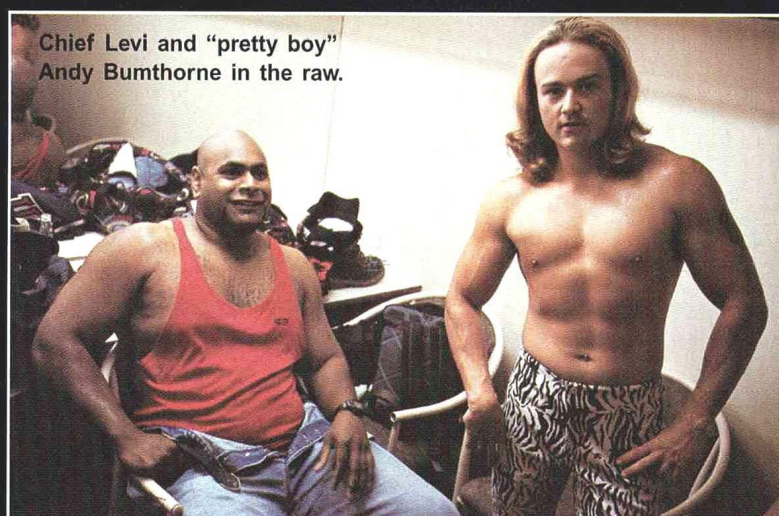
"We pretty much do it for nothing. We're all doing it because we're trying to get this organisation somewhere."



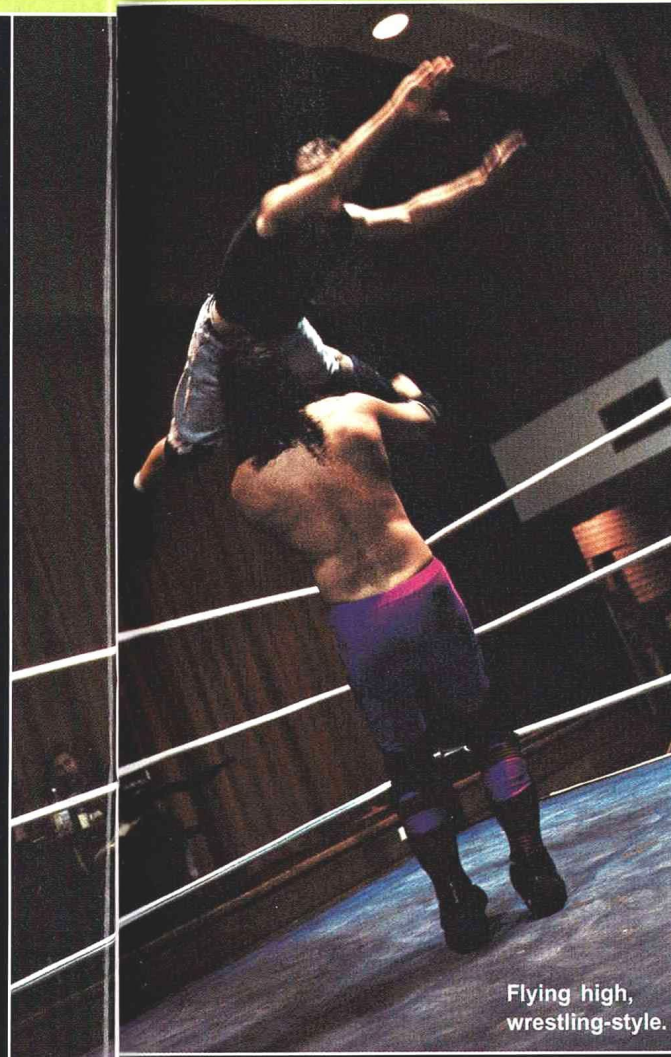
Chief Levi gets Freely in a stranglehold during a heavyweight title match.



Some members of the IWA's MUFF chill out backstage.



Chief Levi and "pretty boy" Andy Bumthorne in the raw.



Flying high, wrestling-style.

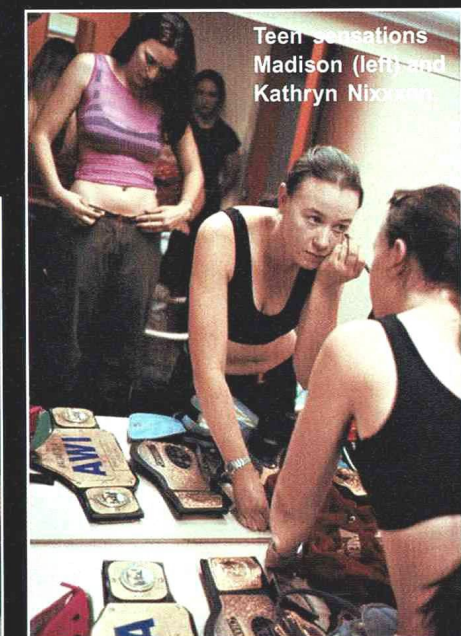
lords of the ring

bout moves further from ringside, the excitement starts to build. The two combatants slug it out with a series of body blows until they stagger to the outside balcony. Soon 100 or more students are racing towards the balcony to see what might happen next.

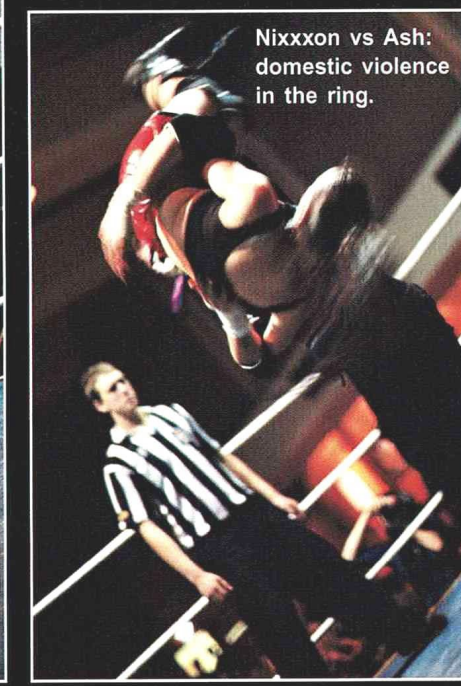
A group of unsuspecting students have their quiet balcony soiree interrupted by Picasso and Mercedes as they stumble into their table, knocking over a few drinks as they continue to land blows on one another. The two stagger through chairs and tables and spreadeagle the balcony furniture. Mercedes grabs a beer out of a surprised punter's hand and smashes it across Picasso's head. Picasso fights back, slamming a chair — steel legs first — into Mercedes' back as he lays prostrate on the cold tiles. As the mayhem increases, so too does the

enthusiasm of the crowd, who yell, "Throw him over the balcony!"

The deranged wrestling personae of Mercedes and Picasso are a contrast to their offstage manner. While Picasso does retain his lovable larrikin qualities, he leaves the "260 pounds of insanity" in the locker room when he goes home. He speaks passionately about his love of wrestling and his disdain for the homogenised American version of the "product", which Picasso bemoans is more slick packaging than intensity in the ring. "Vince McMahon [owner of the US World Wrestling Federation or WWF] let too many secrets out of the



Teen sensations Madison (left) and Kathryn Nixxon.



Nixxon vs Ash: domestic violence in the ring.

bag. When everyone knew wrestling was fake, the wrestlers made it look even more fake. I can't watch that any more. Wrestling for me is about how many big hits and bumps you can take and how many spectacular moves you can make. I hate it when people give you lame 'chops'. If they don't hit me hard enough, I hit them twice as hard."

Picasso sports a tattoo with "Jesus, love" and his wife and three-year-old son's names on it. By day, the former body builder works as a tow-truck driver. When asked whether his wife and son enjoy his shows, he notes that "my wife prefers to watch it on tape after the show — she's concerned that I'll get hurt. But my son loves coming to training. It hasn't made him violent, because he knows it's all muck around."

When comparing the IWA to the WWF, Picasso notes that "we do the same things as the Americans, but we just don't have the money to put on the show that they do. But we'll get there. We pretty much do it for nothing. We're all doing it because we're trying to get this organisation somewhere. In three years the IWA's gone further than we thought it would. We've all been trained. We're professional, we're not a backyard operation."

Picasso has no ambition to wrestle overseas — rather, his aim is to build wrestling up in Australia.

"I've seen small blokes go over to America, spend the money to train there and think [when it amounts to nothing] that they've been ripped off. They didn't get ripped off by the wrestling school — they got ripped off when they looked into the mirror and weren't honest with themselves."

Mark Mercedes is a co-owner of the IWA, and while his venomous delivery of his lines onstage is in keeping with his long hair, stubble and gangster stomp, his subdued tone when talking backstage seems incongruous with the image he will conjure up in a matter of minutes. He has wrestled in the USA, Germany and Japan, but his job with the IWA is made far more difficult by the fact that he must wear two hats. Tonight, rather than simply worrying about his own performance, Mercedes has another 10 wrestlers involved in five bouts whom he must direct.

Mercedes concedes that wrestling in

lords of the ring

Australia will not likely reach the heights it experienced in the 1970s, when the likes of "Killer" Kowalski, Mario Milano and the ubiquitous ringside announcer Jack Little were household names. Simply, TV programmers will not get excited about home-grown wrestling when the US version with "\$50,000 of pyrotechnics to open the show" can be screened relatively cheaply.

So is the IWA simply a poor man's version of the WWF? Mercedes disagrees. "We have our own characters with a real Australian style — if you just imitate the WWF, you look cheap and silly. Americans are a pretty gullible audience — they will buy anything. Australians are a lot more discerning."

Wrestling and running the IWA is Mercedes' full-time job. When asked if this means a career can be made out of wrestling in Australia, Mercedes responds, "Only if you own the IWA — and there are only two of us!"

The other owner is "Psycho" Ty Townsend, who spends the night changing between his plethora of roles — ringside announcer, photographer, backstage psychologist and "script" writer. Townsend combined his multimedia, performance and entrepreneurial skills to develop the IWA and also started up a wrestling school to groom new talent.

With limited resources, Townsend has chiselled out a reliable circuit for the troupe and has set up a website for fans to follow the IWA in between live shows. Commentating from the desk, Townsend and stand-up comic "Hollywood" Brett Sheargold are as much a part of the show as the wrestlers and referees. Sheargold's trademark flair with words is evident in some of the stage names he has dreamt up for the wrestlers, like Gregory Pecs and Percy Sludge. Then there's the MUFF, or "Messed-Up Female Fighters".

Backstage, the MUFF have finished "gaying up" pretty-boy Andrew Bumthorne (the "queer" one) and are preparing to run in and attack Rod Schwanker during his bout with Rob Matrix. It's not hard to spot tonight's star female performer, Kathryn Nixxon, an agile 19-year-old brunette with a true killer instinct (she's a butcher by day) whose T-shirt reads "Remember my name — you'll be screaming it

A three-for-all turns ugly during an IWA four-way match.

Nixxon awaits her fate during her title match with Ash Phoenix.

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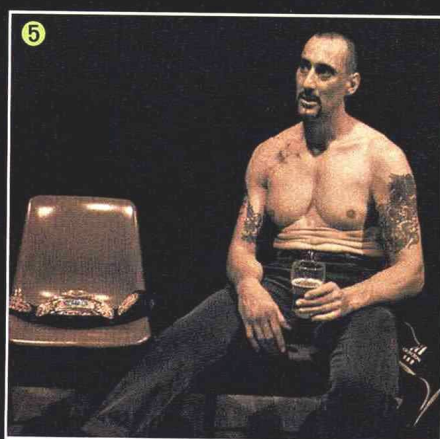
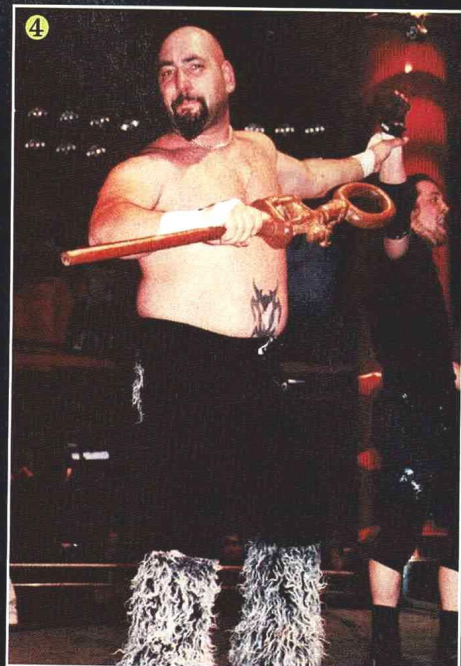
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lords of the ring

later". As she enters the ring for her "Trans Tasman Title Match" with Dubbo trailer-trash Ash Phoenix, the other girls rally around the stage in solidarity. When Ash scornfully suggests that her rightful place is serving drinks behind the bar, Nixxon fires back, "The only drinks I'm serving tonight are punch and bloody marys!" True to her word, she gives as good as she gets throughout her match, delivering plenty of few bitch slaps to her male opponent.

Typically relegated to roles as "valets", bodyguards and love interests, the women of pro-wrestling are often overshadowed by the "big men" of the ring. But the IWA's female wrestlers are out to prove they're more than just T&A. Driven by the adrenaline rush, they have no respect for soft-cock male opponents who deliver them gentle blows. They take enormous pleasure in "being able to kick guys' heads in" although their attempts to do so are thwarted in certain states where laws prohibit male-to-female combat, such as NSW.

The rationale behind these over-protective laws betrays a common misconception that prevails among the uninitiated. Despite public recognition that pro-wrestling is not so much sport as spectacle, it is often placed in the same category as boxing. While pro-wrestlers can and do sustain injuries, the two sports are poles apart in terms of the way they're played. Today's stars rely as much upon their charisma,



1. All Stars' First Lady of wrestling Stacey; 2. Maori warrior King Haka; 3. All Stars' dancing girls; 4. Haka's rival The Ox; 5. IWA's "260 pounds of insanity" Big Phil Picasso in a more subdued moment.

acting skills and their ability to work a crowd as they do their athletic ability. And most of their moves are as carefully rehearsed as the lines they deliver.

Despite the reverence held for our old-school wrestlers, it's the USA's WWF that has inspired the second wave of popularity pro-wrestling is enjoying in Australia. Once derided as the lunatic fringe of sport in the US, pro-wrestling now has a colossal following, thanks in no small part to Vince McMahon, who coined the famous term "sports entertainment" for wrestling to avoid



paying a "sports" tax.

Far from destroying the whole business by admitting that wrestling was staged, McMahon's tactic worked like a charm. Today, the WWF is a publicly listed, billion-dollar company that has turned a succession of great hulking maniacs into superstars. Attendance has soared.

Here in Oz the WWF shows, broadcast live on the Main Event channel, are the most highly subscribed in the pay-per-view repertoire, and WWF Raw is the top-rating show on Fox Sports. So what hope can Australian wrestling ever have of competing with the WWF juggernaut? In contrast, our "federations" remain small-scale and diffuse. The most obvious reason for their fringe status is budget, but the snubbing they receive from the mainstream media doesn't

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lords of the ring

help. Despite wrestling's powerful grip on the entertainment mainstream, local wrestling has enjoyed minimal exposure.

In Melbourne, Packer's Crown Casino hosts the biggest-budget event, All Star Wrestling. The monthly extravaganza features monsters of the ring like the Maori Warrior "King Haka", former gladiator Vulcan and The Ox, not to mention dancing girls, 13 big screens and various other hoopla. Yet curiously, Packer's Nine Network has given not so much as a brief plug for the All Stars.

So what would it take for TV programmers to take local wrestling seriously? Rohan Herbstreit, wrestling aficionado and the All Stars' founder, believes ignorance is largely to blame: "The newspaper TV guides don't even mention the WWF pay-per-views let alone Australian wrestling. But if they knew there's a whole huge fan base out there who know about sports entertainment and know how it's changed, they'd be more supportive. But they

haven't followed it and they don't know enough about it to make that judgement."

Like the All Stars, the IWA stages a lot of "family" shows. But tonight's Sydney Uni show is not one of them. Mercedes and Picasso work their way back into the ring for the final round. Picasso sets himself up for his finishing move, the "Picasso Road Train" complete with sound effects. Mercedes sees it coming and counters with a "clothesline". With Picasso on the canvas, Mercedes grabs the ever-present "illegal foreign object" from under the ring — in this case, a road sign. Just as Mercedes is about to deliver the blow, the referee intervenes and strips the sign from Mercedes. Picasso counters and lays Mercedes flat out on the canvas. But just as Picasso thinks he's in a winning position, Fozzy plants the street sign into the back of Picasso's head, drags Mercedes onto Picasso and quickly administers the three-count.

Mercedes grabs the microphone and

tells the "stunned" audience that he and Fozzy are forming a breakaway wrestling federation. Before they can outline their plans, the locker room is cleared, with most wrestlers joining a free-for-all against Mercedes and Fozzy and staying loyal to the IWA. Picasso grabs the street sign and flattens the wrestlers who sided with Mercedes. Sheargold declares the bout a non-event and awards the title to Picasso.

The crowd reels in feigned shock at the events of the night as the wrestlers drag themselves back to the locker room to lick their wounds and reflect on the show. The crowd leaves the venue having shared a lot of laughs and enjoyed their part in the carnage.

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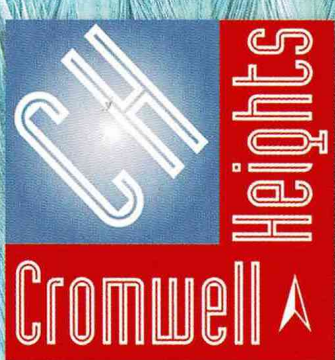
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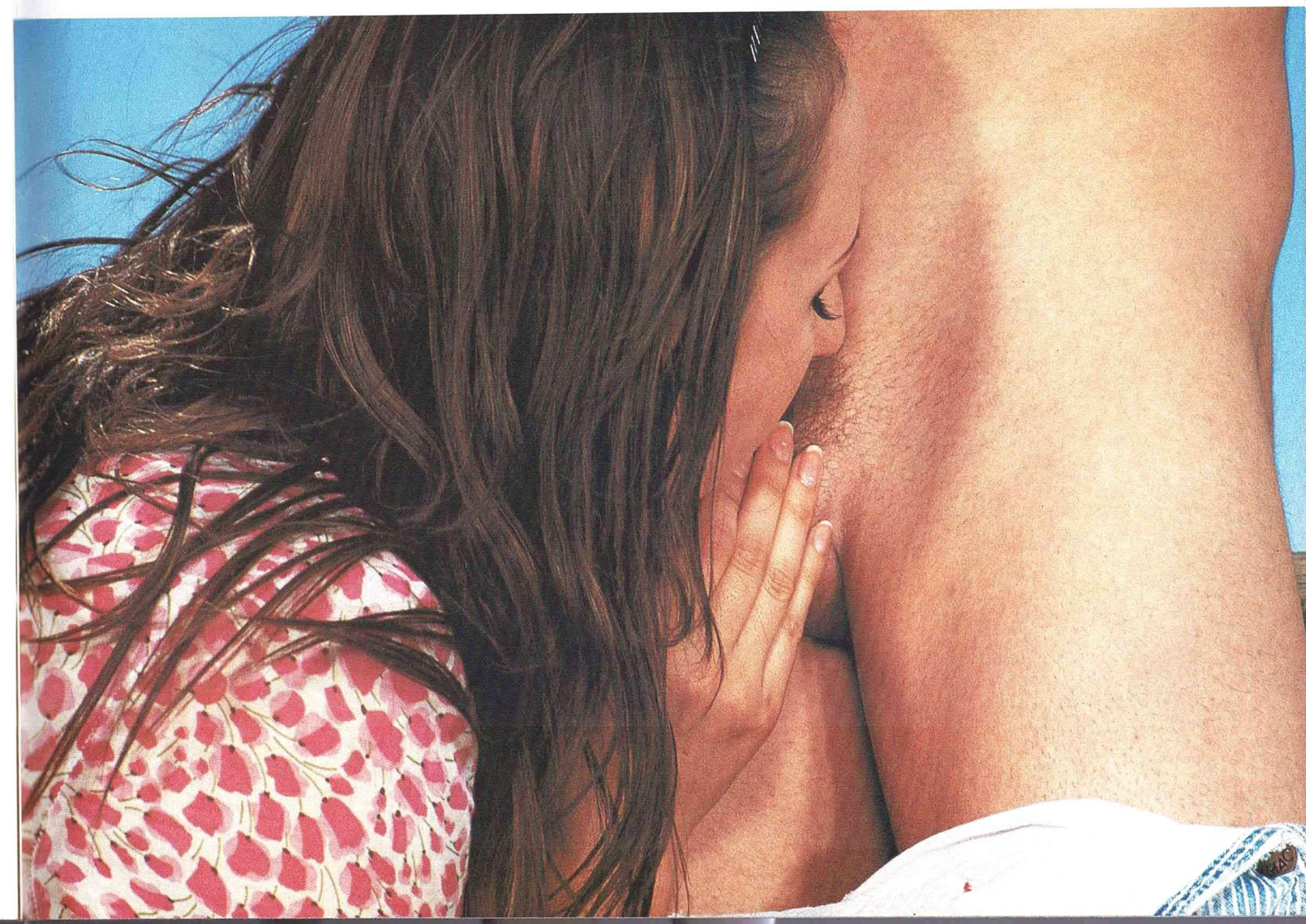
Photography by Hank Londoner

Delilah loves to tease Tony, who has lusted after the buxom young kitchen maid ever since he started working on the farm. But the rules are simple — no sex between staff — at least not back at the farmhouse. So once a week they meet down at the old wishing well, where they play the same game. "Well, go ahead — make a wish," teases Delilah, tantalising Tony with her shaven pussy.

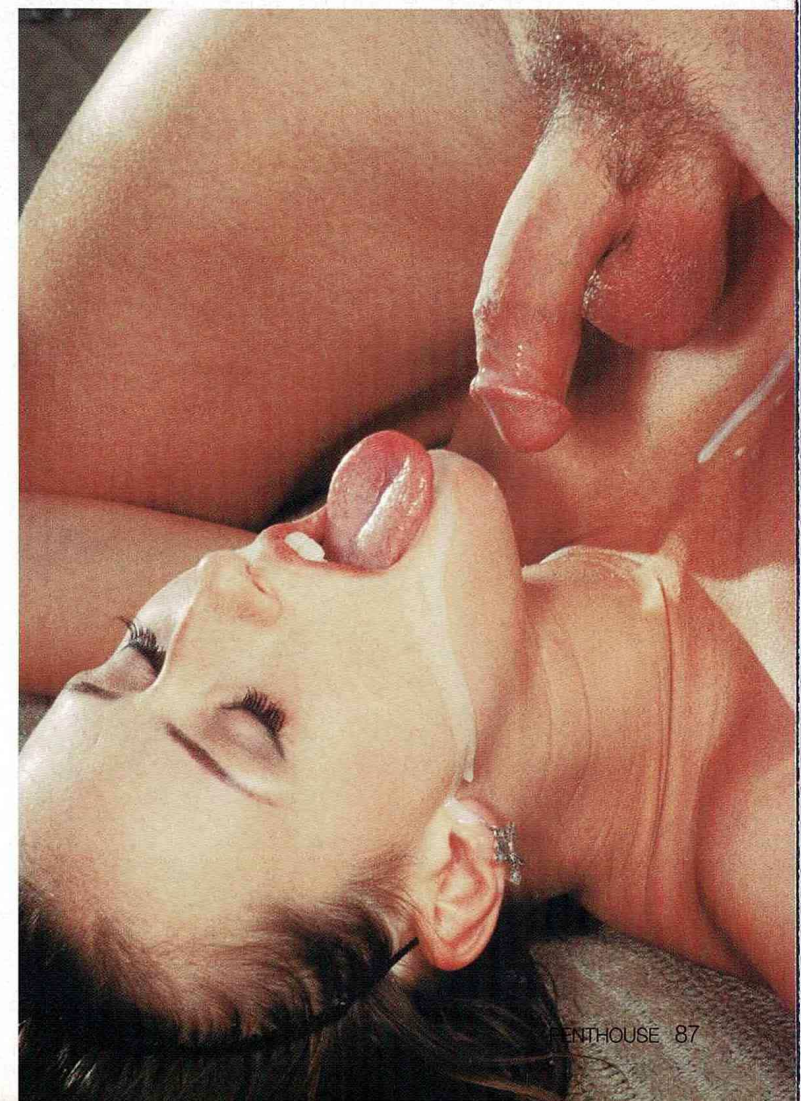
"I wish you'd wrap those beautiful lips around my boner," says Tony, "and suck it like it was the last lollipop on earth."

"Well that's quite a coincidence," says Delilah. "It seems we both share the same wish." ○✎











X-Rated Video

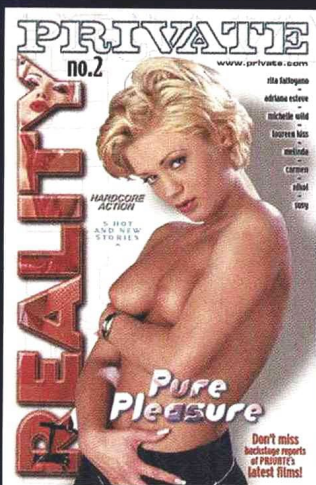
The Australian Penthouse Guide to the Best X in Town

Pure Pleasure

Starring Carmen, Michelle Wild, Melinda, Laureen Kiss, Susy, Rita Faltoyano, Steve Holmes, Robert Rosenberg. Directed by Adamo, Kovi, JY LeCastel, A Youngman. Distributed by Private.

☆☆☆

If we must be subjected to reality TV, it might as well feature porn stars cavorting around the world's premier glamour spots while they're getting ready for their close-ups. In *Pure Pleasure*, nine promotional vignettes offer us a mini "best-of" and backstage (or back-passage) pass to the sets of Private's "most prestigious



productions". The sample bag includes Adamo's *Cuckold's Revenge* (and what sweeter revenge could there be than a DP with no lube — ouch!), plus a couple of raunchy three-ways in *Maid For Anything* and *Hot Hut Shelter*.

All the trademark Private ingredients are there — delectable Euro bimbos, DPs, anal and blinding facial come-shots (literally — Carmen cops it straight in her eye in *Cuckold's Revenge*).

The behind-the-scenes mini-docs make it all look way too nice. Everybody goofs around and has a fun time, everybody sustains their hard-on, nobody complains or suffers from hyperthermia when they have to kneel down in the snow and suck cock during a raging blizzard in the Italian Alps.

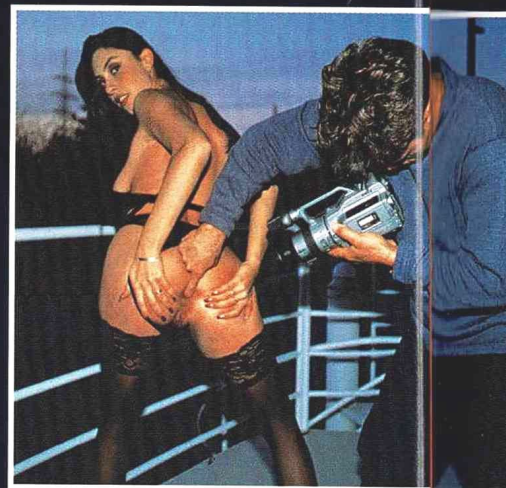
Private directors place as much emphasis on their glamour locations as their actual fucking. But to give the company its due, Private has raised the standards in adult fillum and captured a whole new market. — JT

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Rocco True Anal Stories 4

Starring Mina, Mercedes, David Perry, Frank Gun, Julia Taylor, Ivett Stone, Anita Vanoa and Rocco Siffredi. Written and produced by Rocco Siffredi. Distributed by Axis.

☆☆☆



Travel along the Hershey Highway with the massive master of missives himself, Rocco Siffredi, in *Rocco True Anal Stories 4*.

The Italian Stallion has made a quid or two out of shoe-horning his veiny fuckstick into the well-lubed buttocks of some gorgeous chicks. And you'll drool like Pavlov's dogs watching this gentleman of porn squeeze his genetically modified cabanossi into the puckered rear hole of willing damsels in undress in this vid. There's almost something artistic about the way he reams these beauties.

But before we get to the Raphael of rectum ravaging, we are treated to a horny sex-on-the-farm scene in the first vignette appropriately titled "I Want To Be Respected". Right. This chick is blonde, she's wearing a white fish-net dress with black lingerie

underneath and looks like she's aching for a fuck. And she wants respect?

Anyway, she's pissed off. Good help, it seems, is hard to find. The farm hands she's hired to feed the horses have gone AWOL. She's fit to be tied... up and fucked! Her pronounced Eastern European accent

fuck of their lives and sit naked in a row while she goes from one to the other sucking their dicks to life. If that's punishment give me a double dose, please!

Okay, so they may have neglected the nags, but they sure as hell are paying extra special attention to the pussy when all four fuck her at once, filling all her holes and finishing with a beaut DP. Is this what they mean by grooming the mare?

From horses we move to the man who's hung like one, Rocco, who gets it on in the shower with a dark-haired babe. The Italian shows what a great lover of "culo" he is when he kneads her arse like it's pizza dough. All the while another couple watches on, mirroring Rocco's sex play on each other. Pretty soon



only adds to her sexiness. "Ver de hell they are? This fuckin bustads. I pay them for vat? They don't do anything. Ver are you?"

Then the four hunky farm hands appear on the scene, including the ubiquitous David Perry. You'd swear this guy has sex radar, he always turns up when the leading lady needs a hard dick in her holes.

These guys are in for the

they're enjoying a scrotum-scorching foursome. These chicks love having Rocco up their clackers, even if it means they probably won't be able to walk straight for the next three weeks.

There's more date-digging in the rest of the vid but let's face it, the best tear-jerking anal assaults have already taken place. — AO
Available at www.axisshop.com or FreeCall 1800 891 183



Partners Forever

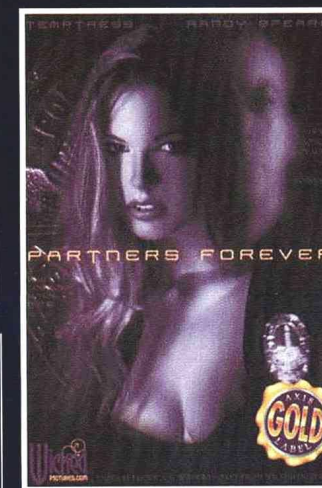
Starring Temptress, Randy Spears, Alexa, Alec Metro, Jason McCain, Justine Romee, George Kaplan. Directed by Brad Armstrong. Distributed by Axis.

☆☆☆☆☆

This could almost stand alone as an all-round quality feature. The sex is a bonus, and what a bonus! This is high-energy, classy carnality performed by true pros.

Randy Spears plays Jimmy, a good cop killed in the line of duty by a bent cop. In the opening scene, he and his wife Andrea (Alexa) are trying to have a baby, (note to Randy: it might help if you remove the rubber), but he's too distracted to perform. Andrea polishes his spear just before he leaves for work, but to no avail. Jimmy and his lady cop partner Gina (Temptress) are then called out to a robbery, where Jimmy is shot and killed.

A year later, Jimmy's widow is seeing another cop,



Vince (Alec Metro). Jimmy's ghost appears exclusively to Gina and tells her that his spirit can't rest until she sorts out some unfinished business for him. As if that isn't stretching the friendship enough, while visiting Andrea, Jimmy's spirit takes over Gina's body as Jimmy bids his wife a final farewell. What results is a bizarre girl-on-girl-on-boy.

The sex really begins to sizzle when the unfinished business extends to Randy easing some long-held sexual tension between him and the aptly named Temptress.

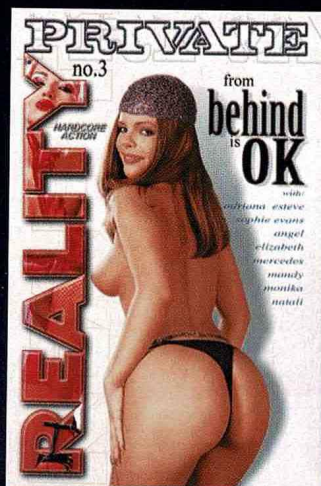
You'll love the lashings of enthusiastic oral antics. The only scene that features anal is a highly strokeable one between Vince and the delectable Justine Romee.

Partners Forever is one of the best adult flicks I've seen. — JT
Available at www.axisshop.com or FreeCall 1800 891 183

From Behind Is OK

Starring Sophie Evans, Toni Ribas, Ramon Nomar, Elizabeth. Distributed by Private.

★★★



This is a schizophrenic little vid with a number of different horny vignettes and interviews with porn director Alessandro Del Mar and the salacious Sophie Evans.

The stand-outs are *Sex In The Elevator*, starring Evans and directed by Johnny Drop and *The Farmer's Breakfast*, starring Elizabeth and directed by JY Lecastel.

Sophie Evans is always a joy to watch being fucked. In this vid she plays a corporate type, complete with business suit and hair in a bun. But that gear gets ditched quicker than you can say "die yuppie scum" when she's stuck in a lift with two studs. How does one while away the time waiting for the lift doors to open? One strips off to one's underwear and gets down on one's knees and takes the nearest cock in one's mouth, if you're Sophie Evans that is!

Within moments the guys (one is Evans' real life hubby Toni Ribas) are having their elevated shafts seriously serviced. There are some nice close-up shots of her pussy leaking love juices onto the lift floor.

Suddenly Sophie transforms into a PVC-clad, mask-wearing vixen biting on their arse cheeks. It must be getting real hot in that lift because before you know it she's sucking on their dicks like they're the last two popsicles on earth. (I was stuck in a lift recently and my experience was nowhere near as enjoyable as this.)

In the wink of an eye she becomes Calamity Jane and she's riding one cock like a bucking bronco while sucking on the other guy's pistol. By the time the lift doors open again, she's fully dressed.

In *The Farmers Breakfast* the hapless farmer whinges about being served "the same old shit for breakfast" by his horny young wife. He refuses her meal. "I think I'll have you for breakfast," he says. Pretty soon he's ditched the bacon for a mouthful of her pussy. He applies a little sauce to her butt hole before introducing a digit and working away furiously at the puckered orifice.

"Seeing how you love sausage so much, I'll give you another sausage," he says as he shoves his farm-fresh meat into her lubricated hole right there on the kitchen table.

In the interview Alessandro Del Mar speaks with Sophie Evans about her feelings on husband Toni Ribas fucking other women in porn films.

Some of the chicks he's doing are so hot and horny, we're told, that they continue having sex with him after the cameras stop rolling. Hoo-ha! To

prove a point we see snippets from *Living In Sin*.

Also worth a note is *The Thin Ray of Sunshine*, a story by Thomas Herold starring Monika and George.

Monika decides to have breakfast poolside when she spies a hunky pool cleaner making his way towards her.

When he gets his gear off she's all over him like a cheap suit, licking his bum and thighs and the small of his back before turning her attention to his rod which she swallows like a breakfast bar.

All in all an entertaining, if somewhat fragmented, video. — AO

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forum

Come On Over

Two and a half years ago, after divorcing my wife, I moved into an apartment. Since then I have enjoyed the single life, keeping fit through diet and exercise. I have no problems getting laid. However, I have no immediate plans to enter into another committed relationship.

I live in a second-storey unit, and from the balcony other units can be seen directly across. When at home, I don't wear a lot of clothing. I have no inhibitions, and so I have no problem having my curtains open while I'm home. I enjoy having a breeze coming through the open patio door while I lift weights.

About four months ago while I was exercising, I noticed what appeared to be a woman in a unit across from mine. All I could make out was a silhouette standing behind the screen door. As I paused to look more intently, it was obvious that this lady was engaging me with her eyes. She made no attempt to look away. I continued exercising, and a moment later she waved to me and disappeared inside. I wasn't sure what her thoughts were while eyeing me. But it was obvious what mine were, as my dick began to harden.

A few days later, it was Saturday night and I had just come home from work. I walked in my bedroom about 10pm. I'd left the mini-blinds open, and when I went to close them, I noticed the woman across from me looking my way. When it was obvious that she had my attention, she motioned with her finger for me to come to her, then she sucked her finger slowly. To make sure I understood her, I made motions of my own. It was kind of like a Western movie where Indians and cowboys are trying to communicate — you know, like "Me come there?" These words, as it turned out, could never have been more true.

What followed was nothing short of incredible. I decided I would take this

Erotic letters from the hottest mailbox in town



mystery lady up on her invitation. I was somewhat tentative and nervous. I knocked on the door. When it opened, standing before me was a lovely, curvaceous Filipino beauty. She had exotic eyes, high cheekbones and full lips. She said, "Hi, my name is Maggie." I responded by introducing myself.

Maggie asked if I would like to come in. I said I certainly would. When she turned and walked towards the couch, I could see the back of her V-shaped torso through her sheer robe. Her waist looked like it couldn't have been more than 24 inches. And her arse — oh, what an arse! It abounded and protruded from her small waistline, round and firm. There was absolutely no wiggle in her walk.

Maggie said to sit down, and asked if I would like a drink. When she returned, she was holding two drinks. I noticed one other small difference: that this time she wasn't wearing her robe! And I discovered that her breasts rivalled her magnificent arse. They were large, firm and tanned.

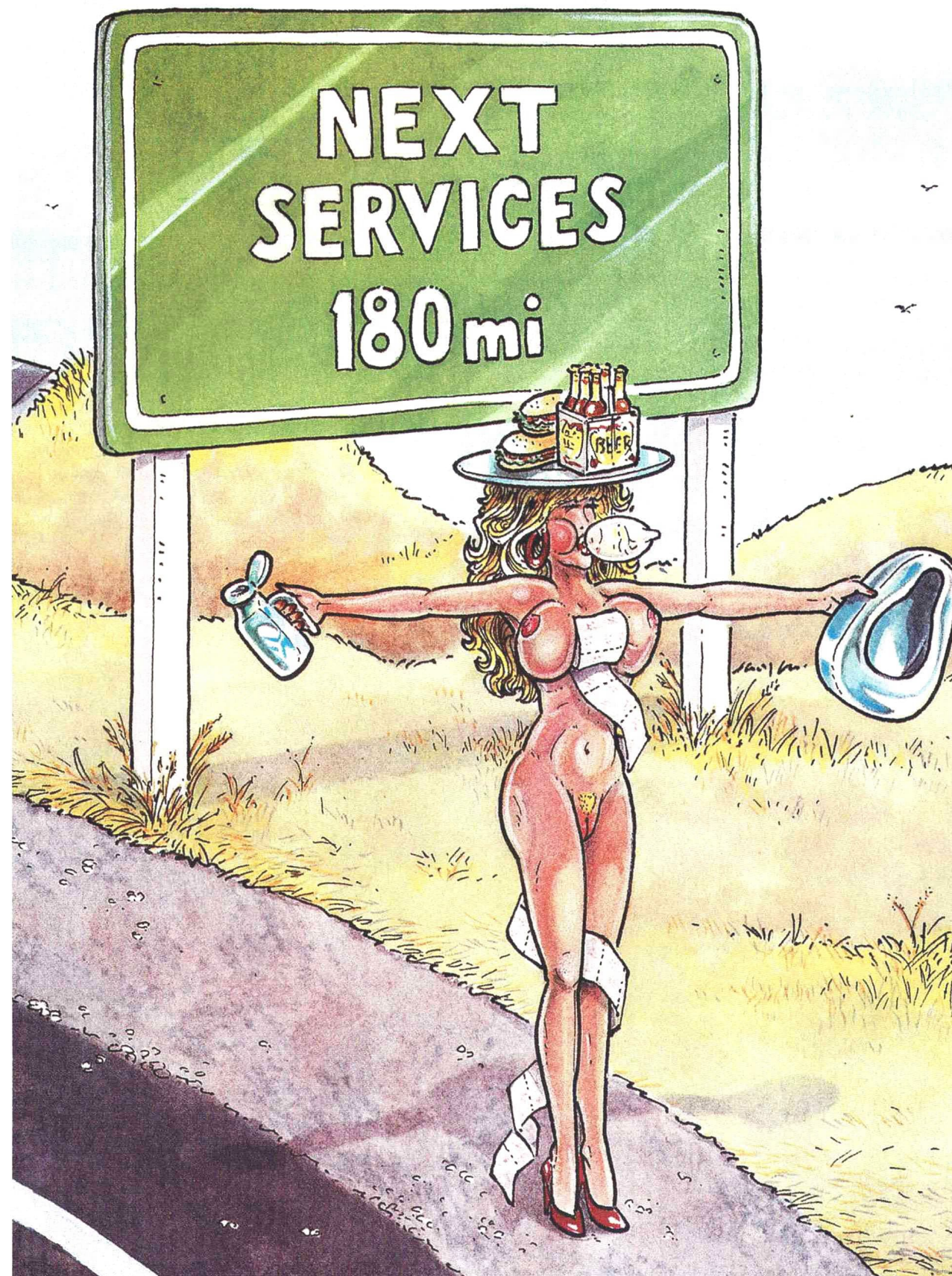
You could make all of this out, including the large areolae and the excited nipples, through her white lace bra. She had on a

white G-string that was also sheer. By this time my balls and dick were pulsating like I never experienced before. All I wanted to do was unfasten my pants and give them space to breathe.

I began complimenting Maggie and making small talk, when she stopped me and said, "Let's cut the bullshit. I'm sure you're a nice guy and all, and I know you couldn't care less if I'm a nice girl. The fact is, you want to fuck me and I've seen enough of you to know I sure as hell want to fuck you." With that, I walked up to Maggie and kissed her passionately. She pulled off my T-shirt and unfastened my pants. She kissed my chest and sucked my nipples. When she reached my waist with her "suck"-ulent mouth, in one motion she pulled my pants and briefs down to the floor.

Maggie wrapped her hands around my hard shaft and worked her magic tongue with circular motions around my cockhead. "Nothing's going to waste here," she said as she played, savouring the sticky precome. She swallowed it whole, and my entire body was convulsing, while sending my mind into a euphoric state.

G. DeCatin.



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forum letters

I raised her head by the chin, and while looking down at her beautiful eyes said to her, "Allow me." I lifted her off the floor and cradled her in my arms. She had her arms around me, and our lips locked as I carried her to the bedroom.

The room was lit with candles, casting a soft glow against the walls. Soft music was playing, and incense burned. I laid Maggie on the bed with her legs draped over the side. Reaching under her back, I unfastened her bra and removed it. I softly sucked her milk-chocolate taut nipples, elongating them as I tongued them in an upward motion. Her whole body convulsed, and she emitted moans of pleasure.

I wrapped my hands around her ankles and raised them, placing her feet on the edge of the bed and removing her drenched panties. Staring me in the face was a totally shaved pussy with a pearl-like clit that shimmered with wetness. I eased my tongue onto the folds of her pussy lips and circled her clit with the tip. The taste of her nectar was sweet and

inviting. Maggie's hips began to gyrate around my mouth. She couldn't hold back any longer, and screamed, "Don't stop, I'm coming!" Her body was tense until the moment when she erupted. Her thighs gripped me like a vice and she cried out, "Fuck me, hard!"

I raised myself up and plunged my dick in her pussy. Minutes later she bucked and screamed out, coming again with an orgasm that shook the bed. By this time I was ready to spew my load. "I'm coming," I announced as I exploded with stream after stream of hot lava all over her. She stuck her tongue out to catch and taste it. She grabbed my dick and rubbed it everywhere my semen had landed, then licked my shaft like it was an ice-cream.

Much more happened that night, and in many days and nights that followed.

Maggie and I are not exclusively with each other, which is probably for the best, because it has created many options with both her friends and mine. But I'll fill you in on that in another letter. — *Name & address withheld*

Slut For A Day

I have been happily married for the past 10 years and have a healthy sex life with my husband. He was my first and only lover. I have never had an extra-marital affair, even though the opportunity has arisen on a number of occasions. That all changed following a course I recently attended for work.

I am 32 years old and have maintained a good body through exercise, even though I have had two kids. I have long, trim legs, a firm butt and a good-size pair of tits which, thanks to some implants, sit up quite nicely when unrestrained by a 36B bra. I often get hit on at work socials and in nightclubs.

I work in a bank and recently went out of town for a five-day course. It was great to get away from the responsibilities of family life for a week. There were three women and 10 men on the course. Each night we'd meet at the hotel restaurant for dinner, then afterwards we would sit around the hotel pool talking and drinking.

On the last night I was the only female drinking with eight men. I was enjoying all the attention I was getting, not to mention the drinks. Two of the guys, Chris and Dennis, were really flirting with me. I was flirting back and this only encouraged the other guys to take more of an interest, and eventually the conversation turned to sex. I could tell that these guys were all getting very horny, as was I. Then one of the younger ones suggested that I should relieve the guys by letting them fuck me. I laughed and told him to go to hell. I told him if he suggested anything like that again he would find himself in the pool. He scoffed at my threat. So I had Chris and Dennis throw him in the pool.

Unfortunately they, too, ended up in the pool with him. When they got out, the three of them decided that I should also take a dip. All three grabbed me and carried me to the pool edge. I put up a token struggle. As they carried me to the pool edge, I felt a hand on one of my boobs pinching at the nipple through my white blouse. Whoever owned it was getting a free grope. The thought of this turned me on and I could feel my nipple hardening in his hand. When I hit the water, my white blouse became transparent and my thin lace bra was clearly visible, as were my dark and very erect nipples through the bra. All eight men applauded. Steve called out, "Nice tits, Kathy."

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Nudity is second nature to Bobby, who confesses that she enjoys walking around at home without a stitch on — even in the dead of winter.

"It gets pretty cold where I live in the middle of winter, but I have central heating at my place," she says. "I

find clothing so restrictive. The ideal society for me would be one in which we could walk the streets in the raw."

Though Bobby does admit there are occasions when she "dresses up".

"I love to wear lingerie for my lover,"

she says. "It's the only time I put

something on when I'm at home." 

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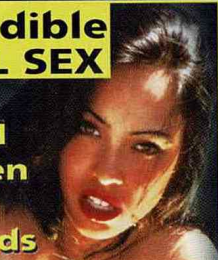
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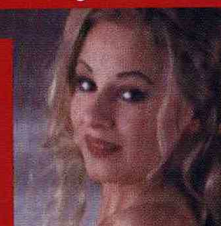
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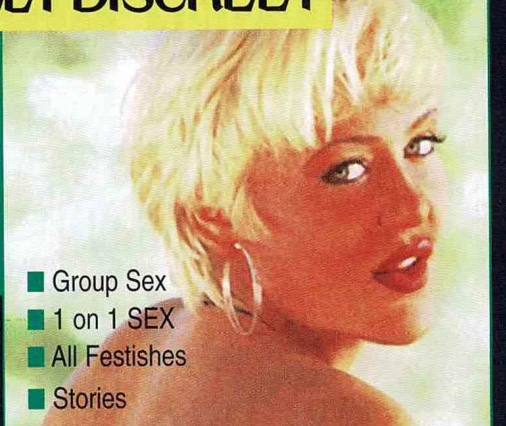
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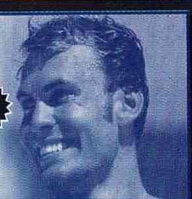
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I don't know why I did it — probably the alcohol — but I called back, "If you think they look good now, have a look at this." With that I pulled off my blouse and bra, revealing my tanned tits for all to see. I also removed my skirt and threw it from the pool, so I was standing waist-deep in only my lace panties. "So who's coming in for a swim?" I yelled.

Steve was first to strip down to his jocks, revealing a half a bulge. Chris and Dennis did not waste any time joining him. Before too long everybody was in the pool. The drinks continued to flow as the sexual banter increased. As I moved around between the guys I felt hands touching my body. Then Chris came up behind me and put an arm around me, cupping one of my tits in his hand, caressing the erect nipple. The sensation was sending tingles through my body. He whispered into my ear, "I want to make love to you and make you come like you have never come before." He then started kissing my neck and nibbling on my earlobe. I was so turned on I just couldn't

resist. I turned and started kissing him deeply. He ran a hand down into my panties. A tingle ran through my body as his finger found my clit and moved on into my hot, wet hole. We swam to the edge of the pool and he lifted me onto the edge, then pulled my panties off. I was sitting there completely naked in front of eight men, and loving it. Chris spread my legs, revealing my trimmed pussy for all to see. He then went to work on it, his tongue circling my clit and diving deep into my cunt. I leant back and started moaning as I wrapped my legs around the back of his neck, pulling him into my groin.

I opened my eyes to find Steve and Dennis lapping at my tits, gently biting the erect nipples. I looked up and saw a large, hard cock hovering above me. I reached up and grabbed it and pulled it into my mouth, sucking it in and out of my mouth. I moaned as Chris worked me into an orgasm and I cried out as it shook my body. The cock in my mouth exploded and shot hot come down my throat.

Chris climbed from the pool and turned me onto my hands and knees. He guided his rock-hard member into my wet and wanting pussy. It felt fantastic to have a cock pumping away inside me. Steve moved in front of me, his cock replacing the first, that I had now sucked dry. Dennis continued rubbing my clit as Chris fucked me. Before long another orgasm was rippling through my body. My cunt tightened around Chris's pole, which sent him over the edge, and he pumped his steaming load of love juice into me.

One by one all eight guys fucked me. I had big cocks, small cocks, bent cocks and straight cocks slamming in and out of me, and it felt incredible. While one fucked me another would have his in my mouth. I felt so slutty, but I was enjoying the experience so much, I was insatiable. I just could not get enough cock.

After they had all had me, Chris and Steve came each side of me and lifted me to a deck chair next to the pool where Dennis was lying with his cock standing upright like a soldier on parade. They lowered me down onto it, and it easily slid into my come-soaked cunt. When I had his full length in me, Chris came in behind and wiped the juices onto my arse. Then he placed the head of his cock at my rear opening and started pushing it into my arse. He leaned forward and asked, "Is this alright?" I replied, "Yes, but go slowly as I've only ever done it once."

As Chris slowly entered my forbidden hole, I resisted the urge to tense the muscles to prevent it and before long I was completely filled by two hard cocks. We slowly got into a rhythm, the two cocks penetrating my arse and pussy. I could feel an orgasm building and I cried out and tensed the muscles around these two love swords. This sent both guys beyond the point of no return and they slammed harder into me, pumping another load of hot steaming come into me.

When I regained my senses, I was alone by the poolside. Everybody had gone. I realised that I had just fucked and sucked eight guys I have known for less than a week, and who I would never see again. I felt like a total slut. I had come flowing from my pussy and arse and all over my face. I could hardly walk as a result of the pounding my pussy and arse had taken. I was a sticky mess, but I'd never felt so satisfied.



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30 SEC LIVE
1902 223 353
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EAVESDROP
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1902 223 341
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30 SECS
That's All It Takes
NO BORING INTROS
1902 223 344
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OR LISTEN IN
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1902 223 358
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forum letters

I gathered my clothes and as I made my way back to my room I pondered how I was going to explain this to my husband when I got home the next day. Instead, I decided to write this letter and when he reads it in *Australian Penthouse*, he is sure to get as turned-on as I was that night. — *Name and address withheld*

Family Values

Several months ago I attended a dinner party where I was seated between a young Japanese brother and sister named Hiro and Eiko. As the evening wore on, the pair took quite a shine to me. We talked, ate and drank until late and we all agreed to meet again the following day.

As it turned out, our big day out was something of a cultural exchange, and a real eye-opener for me. We started with a trip to the beach and a pub lunch, then later that evening we wound up at a Japanese restaurant, where I tasted my first Japanese delicacies — sea urchin and eel, followed by raw beef dipped in raw egg. That was weird enough, but I

was about to learn that Japanese customs could get a whole lot weirder — not only where food was concerned.

We drank warm sake together and after a while, Hiro surprised me by telling me that when he was a teenager his mother used to give him blow jobs to relieve his stress. This took away his desire to go out and chase women, thus preserving his youthful energy for more serious pursuits, like studying for exams. He told me that in Japan it was not unusual for this to happen. He also told me his dick was embedded with coral (like piercing). This was another Japanese custom — to have black pearls embedded in your manhood denotes the highest status in this practice.

When it was time to call it a night, Hiro invited me back to his place — to sleep with his sister. He also told me he wanted to watch. I stared at them both in disbelief, until I realised that he was serious and that Eiko was a willing partner. She was petite and very pretty, with long dark hair containing one red streak. I am

tall, fair-haired and tanned with a solid build, and I often find that Asian women are attracted to me. I was sure as hell attracted to Eiko, and although I've never been into voyeurism, I'm the kind of guy who will try anything once.

Once back at the unit they shared, Eiko and I undressed as Hiro stood back and watched. When I removed my jocks, they both gasped as they took in the sight of my cock, remarking that they'd never seen one so big. Eiko and I showered together and as the warm water soaked our skin, I began to kiss the back of her neck while gently caressing her creamy, pert breasts and fondling her excited nipples from behind. Eiko closed her eyes and moaned softly as I soaped down her perfect body, paying special attention to her smooth, hairless pussy. She turned around and started to kiss me passionately, grasping for my cock, which I eased into her tight little love canal. As I became lost in the sensations of fucking this gorgeous girl in the shower, I was almost oblivious to the presence of her brother, who had been standing in the doorway watching us the whole time.

We dried off and headed to the bedroom, where I gently lay Eiko down on the futon. Hiro assumed his position in the corner of the room. Without pausing, I dove my face into the sweetest pussy I'd ever tasted, while Eiko moaned her excitement. I soon had this Japanese princess screaming with pleasure. Her hands clutched at my hair as she flooded my mouth with her juices. Before long her legs began to tremble and her lithe body shook and bucked as she enjoyed a very intense orgasm.

At that moment I thought I saw a flash of light, and as I came up for air I turned around to see Hiro smiling broadly and clutching a camera. It seems he intended to preserve our Kodak moments for posterity. How very Japanese, I thought.

Unperturbed, I returned to the task at hand. Still panting, Eiko spread her milky thighs for me and pleaded, "Fuck me with your big cock!" Who could resist? I eased my large member into her hot, incredibly tight pussy, sliding in slowly, so she could get used to it. "Oh, it's soooo good," she moaned. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" I delivered all of my eight inches and began to hump her rhythmically. Her head was swinging from side to side as she urged me on and muttered in Japanese.

As I fucked her harder, her brother also began to urge me on, moving closer to get a better vantage point, and a minute or so later I pulled out and splattered my hot come over Eiko's creamy breasts. As I did, Hiro broke out into wild applause.

Eiko writhed around on the futon and gave me a wicked smile as she rubbed my cream into her soft skin. Then she grabbed my cock and began to suck me feverishly. She worked my cockhead expertly while fondling my balls, and was soon deep-throating me, making me weak in the knees. Her long silky hair entangled in my hands as her head bobbed back and forth. I warned her I was going to come, but she sucked me harder, until I exploded down her throat. Once again applause broke out from the corner of the room. All I could do was laugh. Our sex continued to be watched and photographed for a good few hours longer until Hiro returned to his room and Eiko and I fell into an exhausted sleep.

Early the next morning I walked home, a little spun-out and still coming to terms

with the most bizarre weekend I had ever had, courtesy of these weird and wonderful Japanese people. — *Name and address withheld*

When Sparks Fly

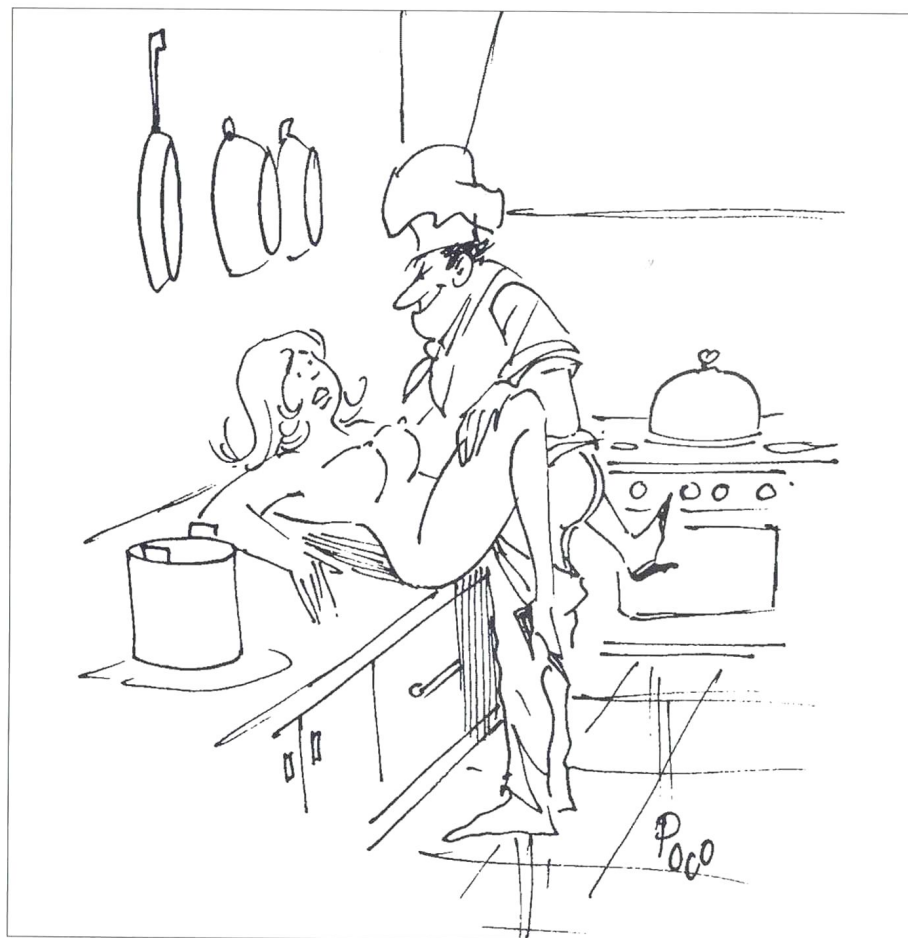
My name is Glenn and I work as an electrician. I'm single, 25, with red hair and boyish looks. One day I had to install lights for a new kitchen out in the burbs — a pretty routine job, and my last one for the day.

When I arrived at the house, a very attractive woman in her early thirties answered the door in a red silk bathrobe. She smiled and let me in, and as I lugged my toolbox down the hall I couldn't ignore her beautiful arse, slender figure and sexy legs. She told me her name was Narelle.

As I started unpacking my tools, Narelle sat at the kitchen table and we started chatting. As I worked away we hit it off quite well and she told me I had a great sense of humour. I must admit, that old sense of humour does tend to work wonders when it comes to scoring women.

When I glanced down, I saw that her bathrobe had moved up her stunning legs several inches and that she was wearing no panties. I had by then sprung a fairly substantial boner, and there was no way she could miss it. I was getting a little nervous and jittery, but extremely horny, and when I started to pack up my tools I accidentally knocked the whole box over and hundreds of small nails went flying around her nice new slate floor. I apologised profusely and began to pick them up. Narelle just laughed and got down on the floor to give me a hand. As she bent down, her robe fell forward and I could clearly see swinging before me two mouth-watering 36C mounds of womanly flesh.

She clearly noticed me looking, so I quickly stammered, "I'm sorry." Narelle just smiled and said, "Don't be, honey". With that she grabbed my shirt collar and pulled me forward, wrapping her luscious lips around mine. Now that the ice had been well and truly broken, I stood up and Narelle wasted no time in pulling my zipper down and taking hold of my



"Gee, and I always thought they made you wash dishes when you couldn't pay for a meal."



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throbbing erection. Looking up at me, she smiled and said, "I love big cocks." Then she proceeded to engulf my stiff shaft with her hungry lips.

Narelle's lips, tongue and saliva all worked together to give me one of the greatest blow jobs I'd ever had. For the longest time, her hot mouth took my cock on a sensuous ride that had my head spinning. The next thing I knew, my hands were holding her head as I pushed my shaft deep into her mouth.

"I'm coming!" I yelled as my cream blasted down her throat and waves of pleasure raced through my body.

"That was incredible," I said as I leaned down to kiss her sticky lips. "Now it's your turn." As I quickly undressed, Narelle discarded her bathrobe and lay down on the kitchen table. With my mouth watering, I studied her body. Firm tits and a slim waist led down to a trimmed bush that showcased the beauty of her damp and inviting pussy.

I climbed between her silky thighs and began to taste her cunt honey almost

immediately. Narelle was soon moaning loudly as my tongue worked faster and deeper into her tunnel. Then she began panting uncontrollably and begging me to fuck her.

I quickly retrieved a condom from my wallet and rolled it down the length of my rigid shaft. Then I filled Narelle's hot, wet cunt with my stiff rod. With her hands on my arse and our tongues duelling in each other's mouth, we fucked at a frantic speed, as though we'd never fuck again.

Narelle soon began to squeal with joy as her orgasm sent her beautiful body into spasms. Within moments, her pussy gripped my cock like a vice and I began to unload my cream. Afterwards, I told Narelle that it was the greatest orgasm I'd ever had.

I knew I had to see this woman again, which was tricky as I found out she was married. As luck would have it though, the couple had only just begun a series of renovations on their house. Narelle thought up a whole range of excuses to get the trusty sparky around — ceiling

fans in every room, down lights all over the place — in fact, a total rewiring of the house was needed. It took quite a few afternoon visits to get the job done and with every visit the sparks flew just as strongly as they did that first time.

— Name and address withheld

Hubby's Lunchtime Surprise

I was poking around the house one day when I became extremely horny for no apparent reason. My husband and I have a stash of pornos that we watch together, so I went over and grabbed my favourite one. I also grabbed my best dildo and a bottle of baby oil, then popped the tape in the VCR.

Only a minute later I was leaning back on the sofa with my jeans down to my ankles, watching my favourite scene. I was so horny I was trembling. I reached down between my legs and immediately felt how wet and slippery my pussy had become. I started rubbing my cunt and pulling gently on my clit. Soon I was circling my clit with my middle finger,

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I had become his slave!

"When I got home I remembered a magazine article reporting that chemists had succeeded in synthesising the male hormone that triggers sexual desire. Apparently it was unstoppable and few women could resist it. I didn't regret my adventure but decided to be more careful in the future."

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rubbing the soft, sensitive skin again and again. I brought my other hand down and inserted two fingers in my hole, then closed my eyes as I bucked and jolted with my first orgasm.

After that I had to catch my breath. I soon realised that I was still horny and hungry for more. I reached for the dildo and let the juices that were pouring from my cunt drip all over the toy. As I rammed it deep in my hole, I thought I was going to have another orgasm right then, but I held off. As I inched the toy in, I rubbed my sensitive clit, and soon began moaning almost in perfect unison with the girl in the porno, who was getting rammed from behind. I was so involved in my own pleasure that I didn't hear Dean, my husband, open the front door. I later found out that he was coming home to surprise me on his lunch break. But it was Dean who got a surprise when he opened the door to find his half-naked wife lying on the couch watching a porno tape with a dildo up her pussy!

When I opened my eyes and saw him

standing there — noticeably excited and predictably awestruck by what he'd just watched me doing — I immediately turned bright red with embarrassment. It's not as though I don't play with myself when he and I are messing around, but I had never been interrupted before, although Dean had often said he thought that he would like to walk in on me one day while I was doing it. Well, I guess that was the day.

Dean moved over and grabbed my breast so eagerly I couldn't wait for him to grab something else. Then he knelt down between my legs and proceeded to help himself to a mouthful of pussy. He slipped his fingers into my hole and licked me like he hadn't had a taste in years.

I was in heaven and on the verge of yet another orgasm, but Dean stopped what he was doing long enough to undress himself and take out his hard cock. It seemed to be harder than I'd ever seen it before, and it was twitching with almost uncontrollable desire.

He stood me up and undressed me as well, then turned and sat on the couch,

telling me to get between his legs and lean forward. "I want to fuck your tits," he said. "Do it," I told him. He reached over for the baby oil and poured it all over my 38D tits. He then stuck his dick between them and pushed them together with his hands. He did all the work, jerking up and down, sliding his thick shaft between my breasts. It felt good, and I bent my head to lick at the tip of his dick each time it emerged from the tunnel of my fleshy mounds.

When he leaned his head back and began to moan I knew he was close to his first orgasm. I moved away from him and took his cock into my mouth, sliding it in inch by inch until I felt the tip of his dick tickle the back of my throat. He exploded in my mouth right then, and I sucked him clean.

It took no time at all for his dick to grow hard again under my tongue, and I turned around and got down on it, then began to ride him. His cock felt so good sliding up and down inside my dripping pussy, I never wanted it to end. He reached around and grabbed my sticky breasts, and I rode him until we both came again.

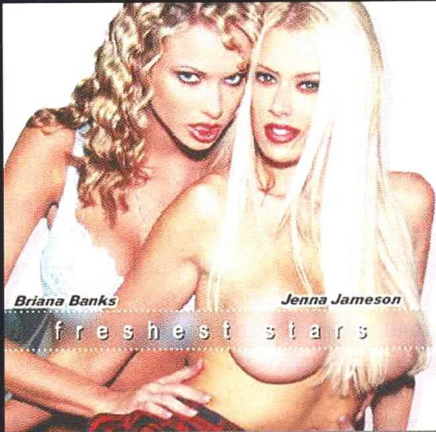
That was definitely a day I'll remember for a long time. Since then Dean has been coming home for lunch more often, and he's no longer surprised to find me watching a porno tape with my dildo up my pussy. — Name & address withheld

Party of Three

My old neighbour Marianne loved nothing better than having a good time. She was the party girl in our town, and I don't think there's a bloke around here who either hadn't enjoyed her or didn't want to. Some people even used to call her the town pin cushion because she had so many pricks. She was slim but beautifully shaped with small breasts, a big arse and a mane of full golden hair. She also loved to flirt, and she was definitely happier hanging around with men than women. I really miss her company since she moved away, and thinking about her reminded me of the following encounter.

It happened one night when my husband Martin had planned a romantic evening for the two of us. He set up candles in our bedroom and hired a sexy movie. Just as we were getting ready to sit down to wait for the video to come

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on, Marianne called and asked me to come up to her apartment and help her with something. I gave Martin a kiss and told him I'd be back soon.

As I was leaving her place, Marianne asked what I was doing the rest of the night. After I told her about the porn movie, she asked if she could join us. I called Martin, who had no problem with it, so Marianne and I went downstairs.

A few minutes into the video, Marianne and I were cracking jokes about the men's big cocks and the women's fake tits. Our joking around must have gotten Martin pretty hot, because after a few minutes he asked me if it would be okay for him to kiss Marianne. I asked Marianne what she thought. She laughed and said that it was fine with her if it was fine with me. I told her to go ahead — Martin's a great kisser — and even added that she could fuck him if she wanted, because he's an even better fuck.

I watched Martin sit behind her on the floor and slowly begin massaging her back. Little by little she began to relax as

he moved his hands up towards her shoulders. Ever the sly fox, Martin began to move his hands downwards to pull her back against him. He began massaging the front of her shoulders and then slowly started rubbing her breasts until he had her nipples standing out.

Martin turned Marianne around, pulled her to his chest and lay on the floor. He kissed her tentatively at first, then more deeply as he began to explore her mouth. She gladly started to suck his tongue. He continued massaging her breasts and quickly moved his hands down to cup her arse.

Feeling a little left out, I sat by their knees and reached between Martin's legs to rub his balls. His jeans were in the way, so I suggested he take them off. Marianne and I stripped him naked, then started stripping ourselves. She had already taken off her top and bra. Martin pulled her back onto his naked body and began kissing her again. He took her breasts into his mouth, sucking and nibbling her nipples like a baby. She

groaned and leaned against him, licking and sucking on his earlobes.

No longer restricted by his clothing I crouched on my knees and began to lick and suck at his balls, pushing his cock up against her pussy. The floor was getting uncomfortable, so I suggested moving to our nice queen-size bed.

Marianne must have felt a bit more comfortable in our bedroom because she removed the last layer of clothing and stretched her long, naked body out. Martin began to explore her torso with his fingers and mouth as I sat watching, squeezing my breasts and nipples and stroking my cunt. Martin dove down onto her pussy. Within minutes he licked and sucked her to a hot orgasm.

After she recovered, Marianne took his cock into her mouth, moving it up and down along her lips, stroking the base with her hand. As she licked and sucked him I began to kiss him deeply.

Martin took Marianne with a deep thrust, his cock slamming into her wet box and his balls smacking up against her arse. He fucked her harder and harder, practically bouncing her off the mattress as she rubbed his arse with her palm, begging him to fuck her faster and deeper.

They fucked for a short while longer before he shook and started to have his climax. He pulled out, shooting a steady load of come all over her belly and breasts. She smeared it around on her nipples and he began to lick at it.

Wanting my share of the fun, I began to stroke his exhausted prick, taking it into my mouth and licking it until he was hard again. Then I got on top and mounted him. I could tell he was still worked up from his romp with Marianne and was obviously enjoying being with two women at once. I stroked my cunt while I rode him and cried out as a wave of excitement hit me. I came hard and collapsed on the bed next to my husband.

Afterwards we all climbed into the shower to clean off and relax, but the feeling of hot spray over our bodies and soft wet lather got us excited and horny all over again. Martin stood in the middle between Marianne and myself and we started to massage him all over.

Excited, Martin began to harden once more. Grabbing Marianne by the shoulders, he pushed her against the wall of the shower and put his shaft inside her from behind. He fucked her with her hands

pressing against the shower wall for support. I watched excitedly as she groaned and cried out again and again.

Finally satisfied, my husband let out another groan, pulled out and came on her arse. Exhausted — finally — we climbed back into bed and fell asleep with Martin resting between us. As I wrote earlier, we don't see Marianne any more as she's moved away, but we still have a lot of fun talking about that night. It was a strange experience. — *Name & address withheld*

Coaching Her On

I am a 25-year-old soccer coach, and I have come to love fucking married women.

Coaching youth teams has given me the chance to meet and bed my share of horny soccer mums. Most of them were a couple of years older than me, but few seemed to have any problem with fucking me. I guess it's not all that surprising. I'm young and healthy, with an athlete's body and a good-size cock. I do it because the thrill is awesome and there's little

commitment required.

Julie, however, was a little different. She was a hot 36-year-old redhead, the mother of one of the best players on my team. Although we flirted, I realised from the start that getting between her legs would be harder than usual. She had a less casual attitude than most of the women I'd fucked, and she made it clear that she was committed to her husband.

Loving a challenge, though, I set out on a mission to seduce her. I knew that this husband to whom she was so devoted was short and on the chubby side, so I made sure I had my shirt off as often as I could when she was around, to give her every opportunity to see the contrast. And I wooed her unobtrusively but persistently.

It took me about two months, but finally I managed to talk her into playing tennis with me at my apartment complex. After our tennis session we went up to my apartment for a drink. Julie did seem nervous, but she wasn't unresponsive when I tried a few subtle moves. Things

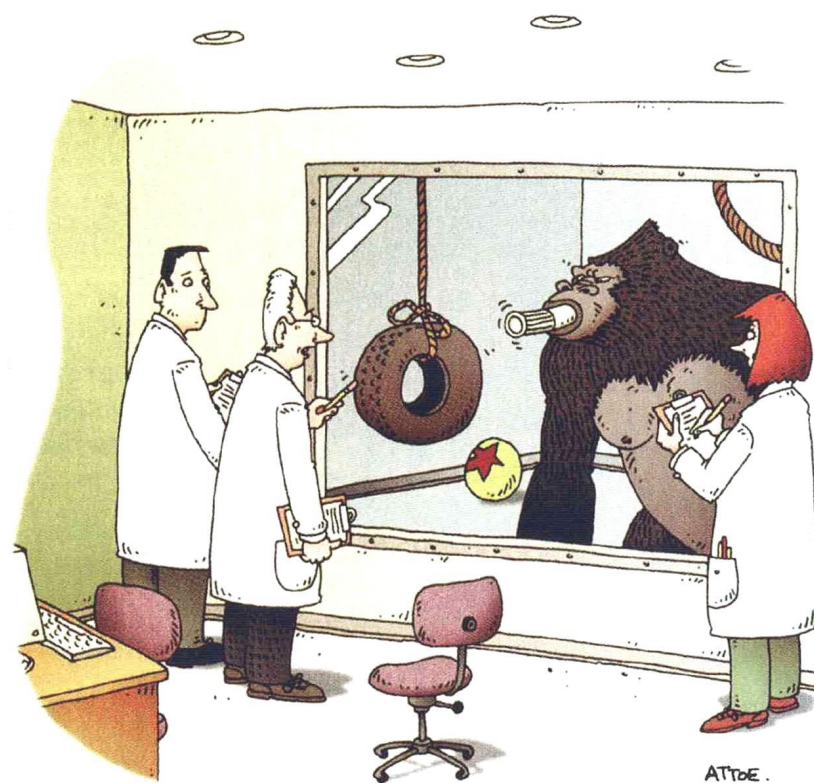
soon heated up, and before I knew it we were petting like crazy and tugging at each other's clothes.

When she saw my rapidly swelling shaft, she reached for it, gasping, "Oh my God, oh my God!" She said she had never seen a bigger one. Her hand was all over it as it continued to grow. She was almost hyperventilating.

I removed her shirt to expose her beautiful tits, and my mouth went to them like a magnet. They were amazingly firm and shapely, as were her long legs and perfect arse. She began jerking me off with gusto, her eyes glazed with passion. I was sure I was about to fuck her. But when my fingers began to stroke her clit, she suddenly embarked on a guilt trip, going from ecstasy to uncertainty.

"I'm sorry, I just can't do this," she groaned, and she stood up.

I tried to reason with her, but obviously I wasn't going to push it. She apologised over and over again as she quickly gathered up her clothes. "I'm sorry. I really want to, but I just can't," she said



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before she went out the door. Frustrated after coming so close to the goal, I was left to whack off in my living room.

I thought it was over at that point, but the next week at soccer practice I kept catching Julie staring at me. And even when I caught her staring, she didn't look away. Afterwards, while I chatted with her husband, she gazed at me with an unbelievably sexy look that made it hard for me to concentrate — and gave me a hard-on. I didn't know if she was running hot and cold or if she was just a tease. But I knew I had to fuck her if I could.

Her son had told me that his dad was taking him to a car show the next day, so the following afternoon I headed over to Julie's, knowing she would be alone. She seemed surprised when I showed up at her door. Nevertheless, she invited me in. We talked awkwardly for a few minutes, and then I just started kissing her.

She kissed me back, and then, just like before, we tore each other's clothes off in a fury. This time, however, she seemed noticeably less reluctant. She did

say something about this being wrong, but she seemed to agree when I said that that made it all the better.

Clearly the situation allowed no time for foreplay. I fell on the sofa with my cock throbbing so hard, it ached. But Julie quickly soothed it by lowering her wet pussy onto it.

I had been anticipating this fuck for a long time, and it was every bit as intense as I had hoped. Her tight snatch took in all of my manhood, and she instantly began moaning. As she bounced up and down, I lay back and held on to her sweet tits. It didn't take her long to come. She squealed with delight as her vaginal muscles clenched around my cock. Juices flowed out of her and onto my lap.

As Julie reached the heights of pleasure, I was thinking how I'd finally managed to seduce this innocent married woman, and, hornier now than ever, I lifted her up and flipped her onto her back. Then I stood up, lifted her legs up onto my shoulders and began pounding her into ecstasy. Soon she was almost screaming

with renewed pleasure. In between calling out my name, she gasped, "Oh my God, the neighbours will hear us!"

As I quickened my pace, she only got louder. Her pussy was so wet and tight. As I fucked her like a jackhammer, I could feel the head of my cock pounding against the back of her snatch. We were both in a frenzy, and we could barely hold it.

Finally Julie let out a giant climactic scream, and then she began shaking like a leaf. She came in another violent outburst, bucking up against me in an effort to possess every last inch of my cock.

I gave her one final thrust, then pulled out and came hard. I had never seen so much semen come out of me as I sprayed all over her stomach and tits. When we recovered, we both broke into giggles. It was probably the best fuck I'd ever had, and all Julie could say was, "Wow!"

Ten minutes later we were fucking again in the shower, and then again on the bathroom floor. And we have been fucking at every opportunity ever since.

— Name & address withheld ☐

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Home Delivery

Photography by Jules Bart

Dana was very anxious. The two hunks she met in the sauce isle of her local grocery store and invited back to her place had arrived and were knocking on the front door. Dressed in little more than a white bra and matching panties, Dana let George and Bob in.

Her heart almost leapt out of her throat when they motioned her to the sofa and began exploring her private parts with their eager hands and mouths. The trio

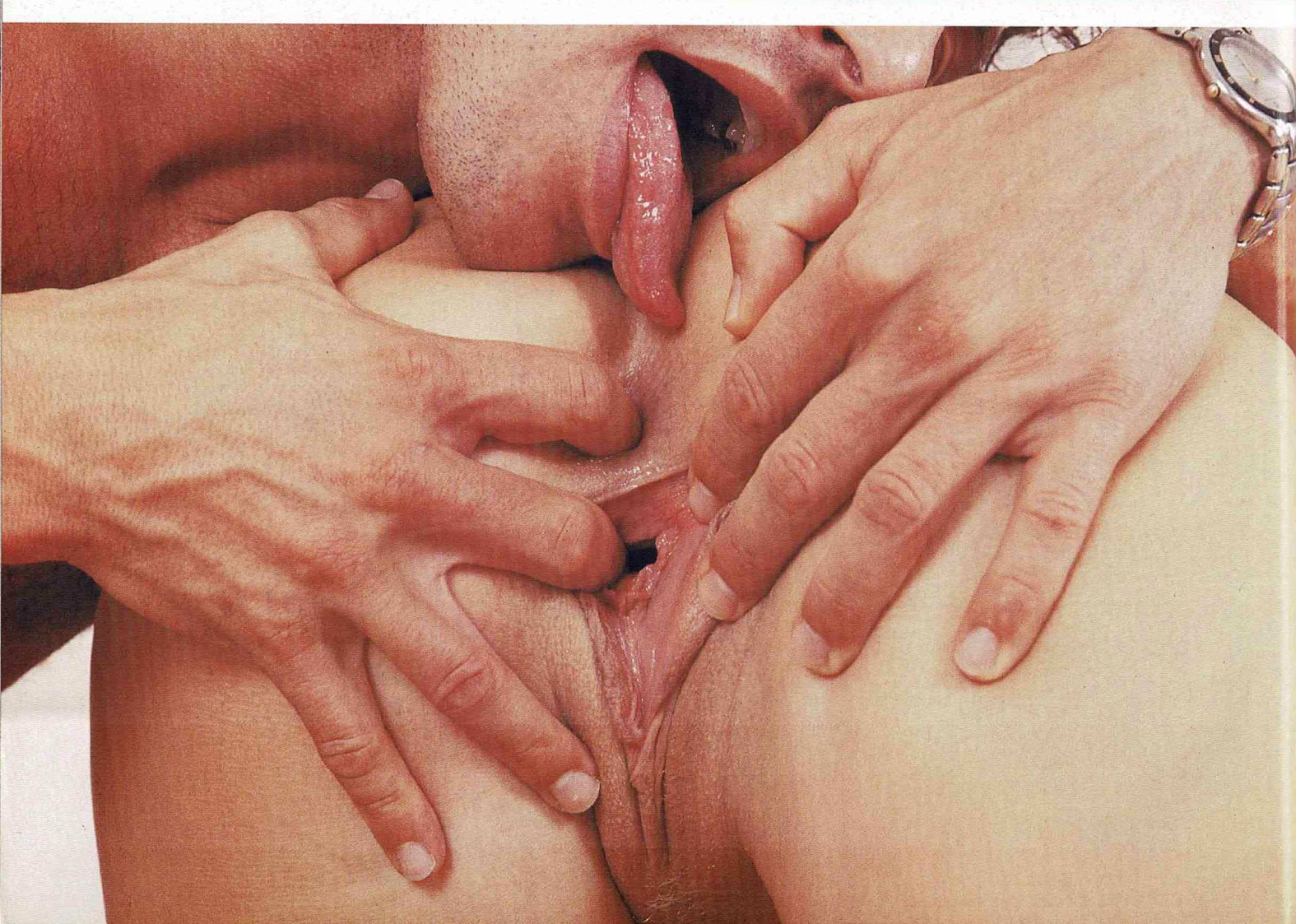
exchanged nary a word during the three-hour sex marathon which

followed. 











forum

This reader is the sort of woman who knows what she likes, and that means a roomful of bondage gear and a man who's not afraid to dominate her.

Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

I am a woman who loves nothing more than to be fucked while tied spread-eagled to a bed. There's just something about being spread wide, bound and exposed for a lover that makes my orgasms completely earth-shattering. Sometimes it's hard to introduce bondage to a new partner, and other times it's like matching up tit with tat, or yin with yang, and everything fits perfectly into place. And that's precisely what happened to me last October when I met my current boyfriend.

I was out at a club with my girlfriend, Sharon, and we were getting pretty frisky on the dance floor with a bunch of rowdy guys. There was one guy in particular who caught my eye. He was tall, with green eyes and dark hair, and he was dancing very aggressively with me, grinding his hips against mine, so much so that I could feel the hard bulge of his cock rubbing against my thigh. His stiffening organ touching me made my pussy wet, and I swung my arms around his neck and let him pull my body tighter against his. I hoped that dancing was only the entree for me and that by night's end I would have this new stud naked in my bedroom as my main course.

I pulled his head down and whispered just that in his ear. Then I gave a nod to Sharon that I was leaving as Tom led me out of the club. I drove us to my flat, and all the while I was driving he was stroking my upper thigh as it peeked out of my mini-skirt. I was getting so wet from having this virtual stranger's hand on my leg that I thought he'd be able to feel the moisture from my juicy cunt trickling down my thigh. At every stoplight, he kissed and licked my neck and I'd skim my fingers over the bulge in his pants.

When we finally got to my place, I skipped the formalities and led him straight to my bedroom. I'm the sort of woman who knows what she likes, and with the help of past lovers, I've outfitted my bedroom for good bondage purposes. My bed is aluminium with slatted bars along the headboard and footboard. There are



I was breaking into a sweat struggling against my bonds, but it was nothing compared to the pool of hot juice welling up in my cunt. I was hot and very ready.

braided ropes dangling from each corner, and they've been pre-measured to fit my body's dimensions to a tee.

It had been a while since I'd indulged in my predilection for bondage, so I was excited to dive right in. I unzipped my skirt and let it drop to the floor, then pulled my T-shirt up and over my head, letting Tom get a good view of me clad only in my red bra and G-string and spiky black high heels. My long blonde hair cascaded over the tips of my breasts as they poked out of my push-up bra. I

smiled widely at him as he stripped off his clothes, and was pleased by the sight of his smooth, hard chest and tapered torso. His muscles let me know that he was the perfect man to dominate me tonight.

Tom walked up to me so that our faces were just inches apart. He grabbed hold of my hair and pulled my lips to his, kissing me hard and deep, thrusting his tongue into the recesses of my mouth. I moaned through the kiss, feeling my pussy juices soaking through my panties. I was aching for him to fuck me, eager to surrender every inch of myself to him that night.

He unhooked my bra, letting my breasts spill out, and then laid me back on the bed. He pulled down my panties, revealing my cleanly shaved pussy. Tom groaned at the sight of my bald cunt and glistening wet lips. He peeled them apart and licked me between my wet folds, pointing his tongue sharply at my clit. I grabbed his head and pushed his face deeper into my cunt as he licked me. He let me hold him there for a few moments before suddenly taking hold of my wrists and pressing them up over my head. That move brought my desire to a head and I played along, squealing as I pretended to struggle against his grip, feigning resistance to his force.

Tom pushed me back on the bed and I nodded towards the ropes in the corners. He splayed my arms wide across the mattress and secured them with the ropes, making thick knots at each of my wrists. I kicked my legs in the air, letting my shoes fly off, and continued the charade of fighting him with my feet as he took hold of my ankles and spread them wide across the bed. He then tied them each in turn so that I was completely exposed and wide open for him. He lifted himself off me and looked down at my body. His roving eyes took in every inch

of me, and it made me so hot seeing the look of lust blazing in them.

I was breaking into a sweat struggling against my bonds, but it was nothing compared to the pool of hot juice welling up in my cunt. Tom knelt between my legs and trailed a finger along my slit, telling me how wet and ready I was. I tossed my head back on the bed as he dipped two fingers inside my squishy pussy and started fucking me with them.

Tom bent his head down to my clit and rubbed his nose against it, making me shudder with need. He flicked at my hot button with his tongue, lashing at it and lapping up my copious juices. I yelled at him to fuck me, but he seemed intent on teasing me with agonisingly slow licks. As he swirled his tongue around my centre, I bucked my hips up to meet his face and press him harder against me, but he told me to be a good girl and be patient if I wanted him to fuck me.

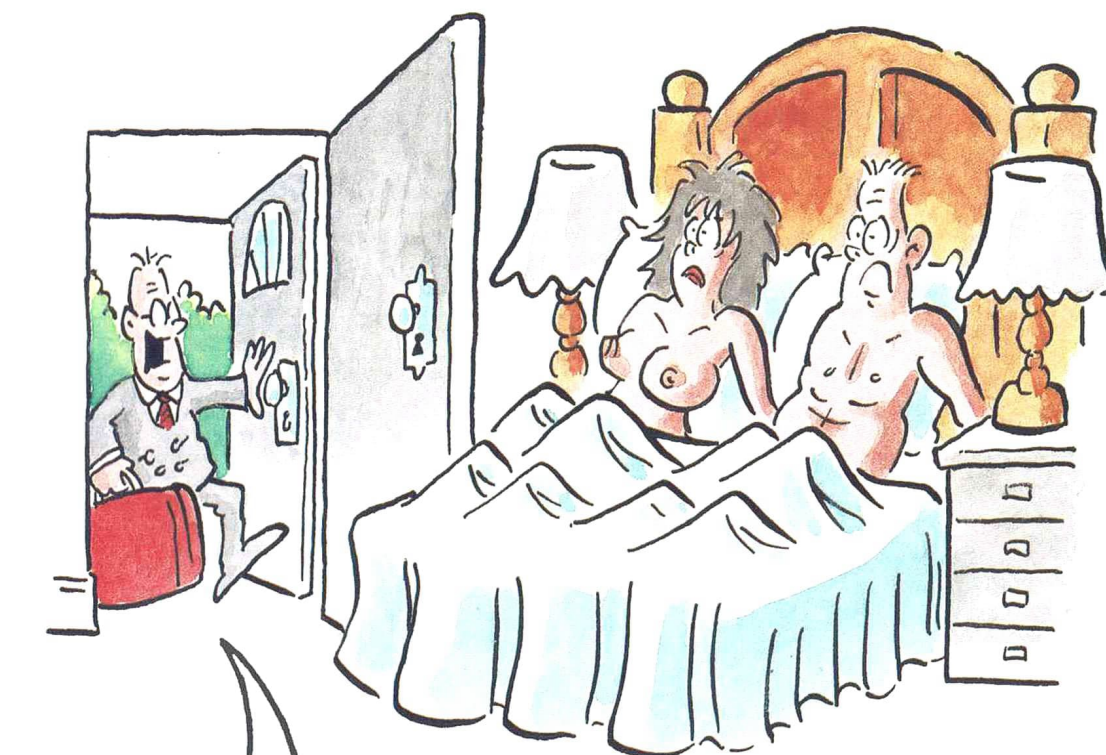
I closed my eyes and sighed deeply. His licking of my pussy grew more urgent. My legs tensed up and I could feel the

orgasm building inside me as I thrust my hips up, meeting the push of his fingers inside me. My breathing quickened, and when he pressed his thumb hard against my clit, my pussy walls spasmed around his fingers as I rode the waves of my orgasm. Then I felt his mouth cover mine and I tasted my pussy juice all over his lips. I wrestled against the knots holding me down and told him that I needed to taste his cock. He smiled at me and quickly moved up to straddle my chest.

Tom grabbed his cock and fed it to me as I hungrily sucked it into my mouth. He tasted so good, and I got the special treat of that pearly drop of pre-come when I first lashed my tongue across his cockhead. Tom put his hands on the back of my head and guided my movements. I sucked in my cheeks and really suctioned him into my mouth, holding him between my lips and lightly grazing my teeth along his shaft. His cock was nice and thick and really filled my face as he started thrusting in and out of my hungry mouth.

I met his stare as he watched his cock sliding against my lips. He groaned as his hands pressed harder on my head and he pushed his cock against the back of my throat. I felt his whole body stiffen on top of me as he let loose a torrent of rich, creamy come down my throat. I tried to swallow it all, but some bubbled over my lips and down my chin, and I swiped my tongue at it to lick it all up.

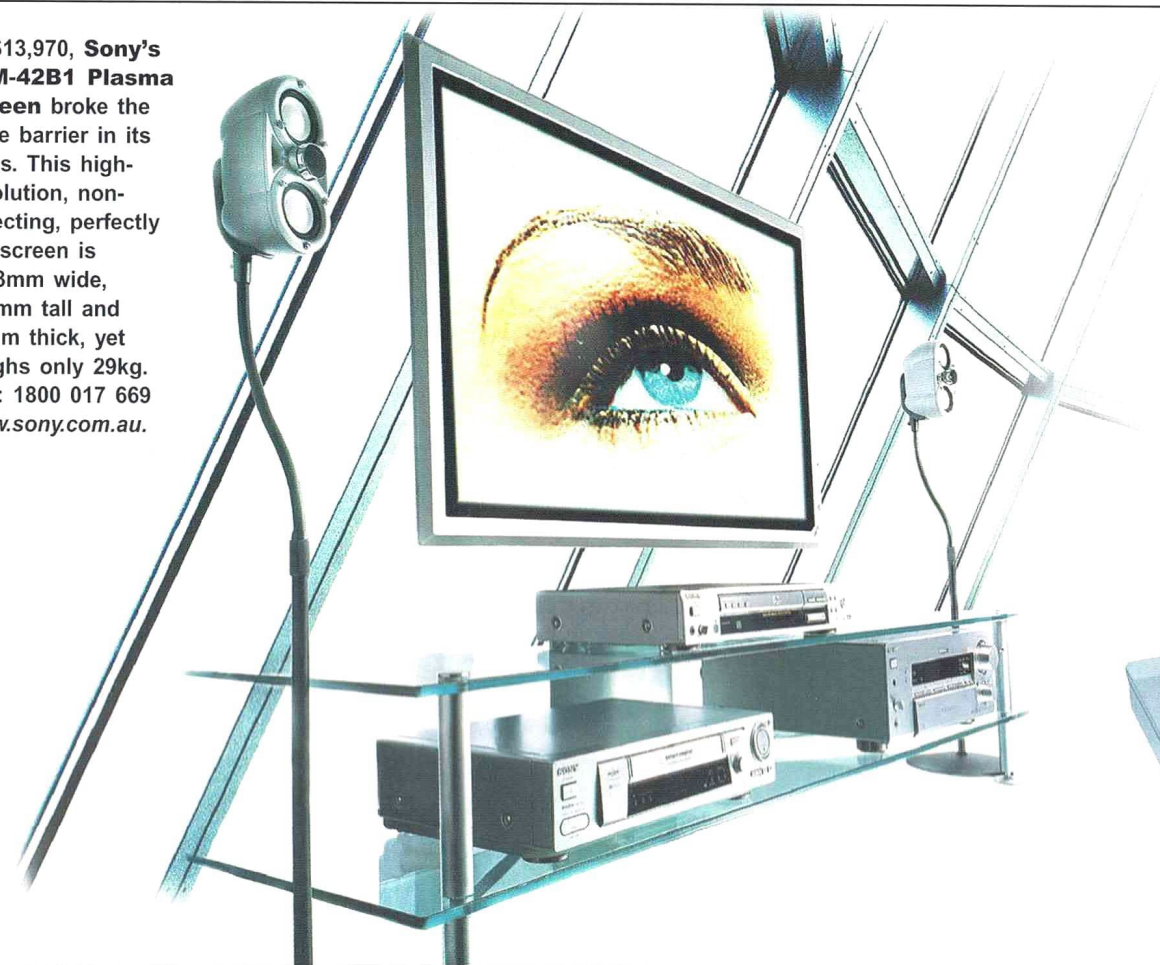
Quickly he moved back on my body and pushed his cock, still coated and slippery with his come, into my pussy. He thrust into me, reigniting the fire and fucking me just enough to send me into a whirlwind of ecstasy. My pussy clamped down on his cock as I shook through one of the most intense orgasms of my life. He stayed inside me until my quiverings subsided and his softening cock slipped out. When we awoke the next morning, I gave him the blowjob of his life to thank him. He asked that next time I let him tie me up facedown so he could play with my arse. I could only smile. — Name and address withheld ☪



CORNWALL

Plasma Power

At \$13,970, Sony's **PFM-42B1 Plasma Screen** broke the price barrier in its class. This high-resolution, non-reflecting, perfectly flat screen is 1033mm wide, 631mm tall and 83mm thick, yet weighs only 29kg. Info: 1800 017 669 www.sony.com.au.



Plasma Display Panels

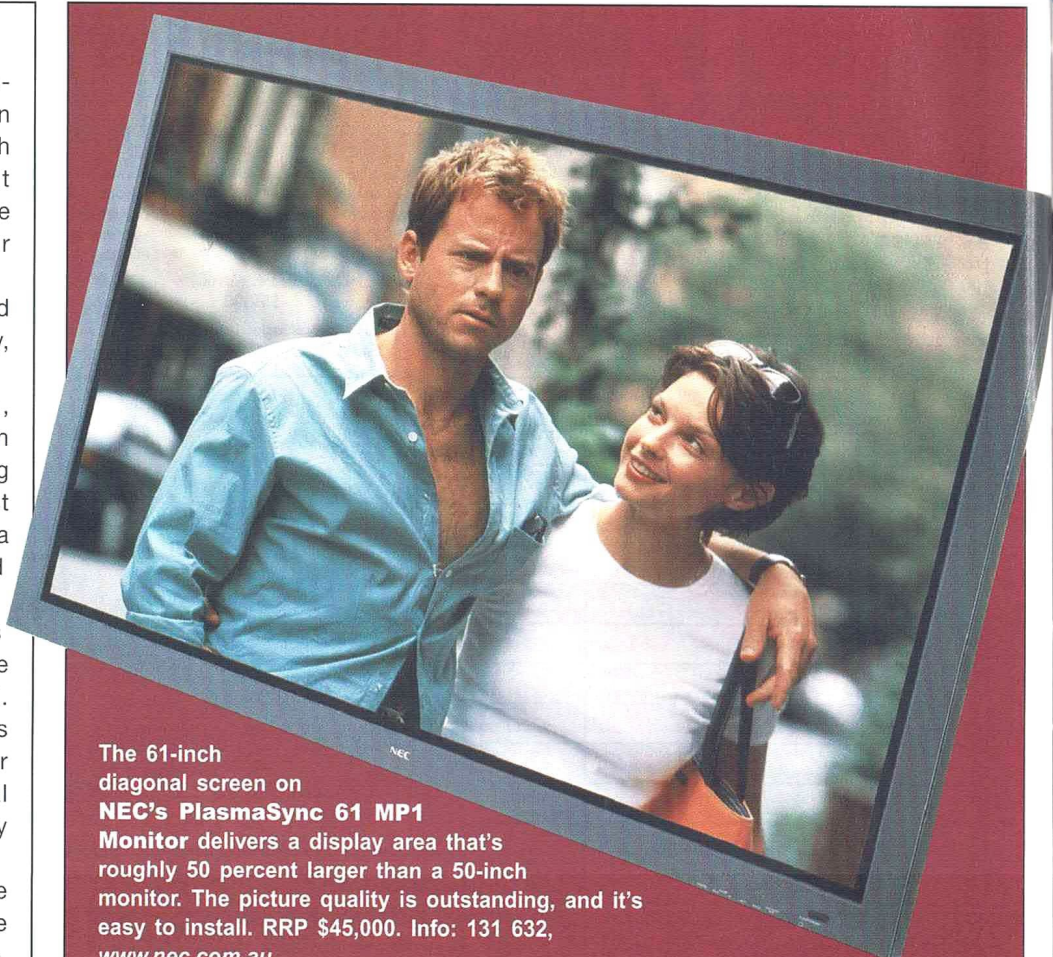
Do you want to see every bone-crunching tackle in vivid detail when you invite your mates around to watch the footy on the telly? How about impressing your girlfriend with the up-close bump and grind of your favourite porn flick?

Then try a plasma TV. It may sound more like biology than technology, but this looks the goods.

Without getting too technical, plasma technology creates its own light source in every pixel, reducing the required space typical of most other displays. Each pixel contains a red, blue and green light source and is charged to produce light.

A gas between each pixel reacts by exciting phosphors to produce the light, creating colour in each pixel. The combination of these pixels creates a bright, sharp picture never before possible with traditional displays, extending the image quality to the far corners of the panel.

So provided you have a lazy couple of grand, you can create the ultimate cinema experience in your own home.



The 61-inch diagonal screen on **NEC's PlasmaSync 61 MP1 Monitor** delivers a display area that's roughly 50 percent larger than a 50-inch monitor. The picture quality is outstanding, and it's easy to install. RRP \$45,000. Info: 131 632, www.nec.com.au.



LG's Flatron Plasma range offers the ultimate in high-definition display panels. At the top end is the 152cm widescreen model, delivering spectacular vision from a panel less than 10cm thick (RRP \$39,999). Standard definition widescreen units are both priced at \$12,999. Info: www.lge.com.au or (02) 9684 8000.

Panasonic's Plasma Display Panel range sets the benchmark in flat panel picture quality. Both the giant 50-inch TH-50PHW3A (RRP \$32,999) and the slim 42-inch TH-42PW4AZ (RRP \$15,399) are perfect for home theatre or business applications. Info: 132 600 or www.panasonic.com.au.



Pioneer's PDP-503 MXE 50-inch screen has taken PDP performance to an entirely new level, increasing reliability and durability while reducing power consumption. RRP \$23,000. Info: 1800 060 852 or www.pioneeraus.com.au.



1 Things A Man Should Know

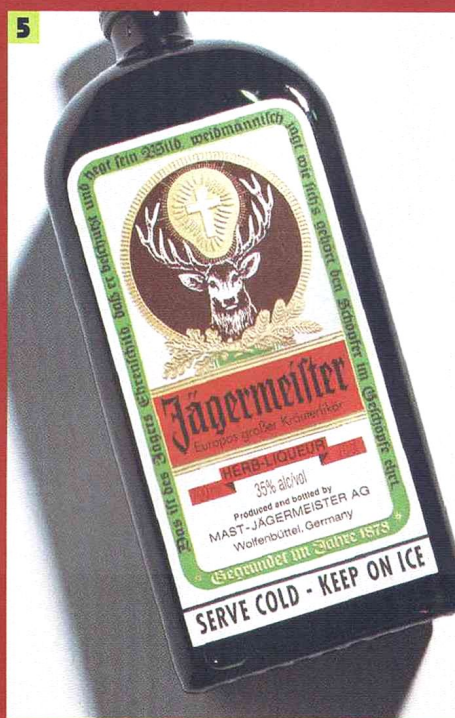
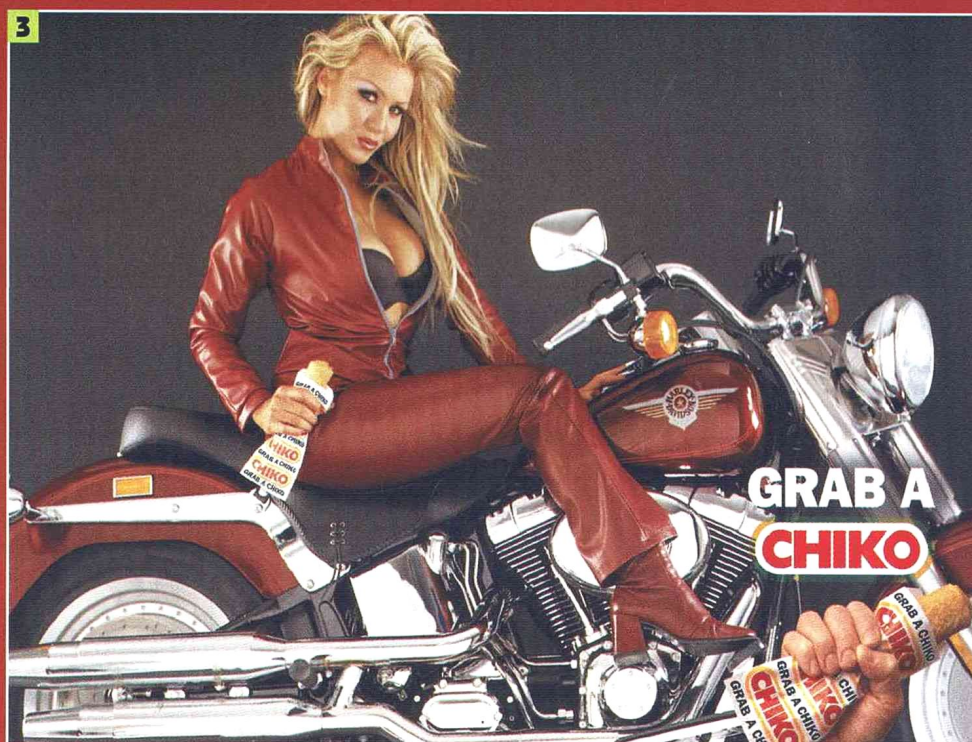
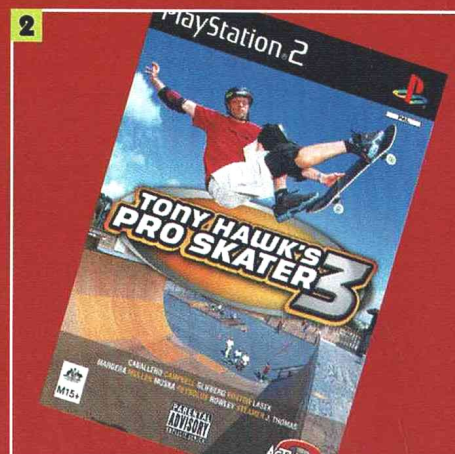
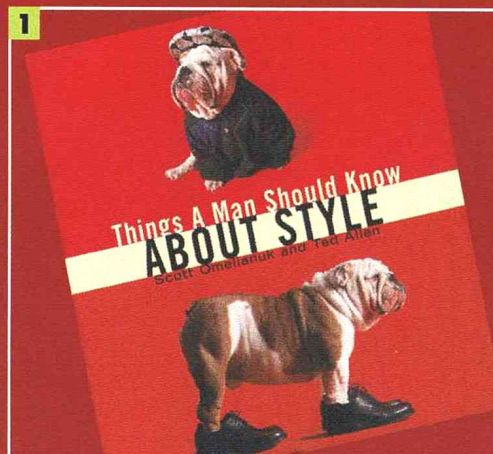
When it comes to sex, we know that our readers are confident, even brilliant, but when it comes to style, let's face it — we need help. *Australian Penthouse* would publish guides like *Things A Man Should Know About Style* (RRP \$29.95), but we figure it's best left to the fashion gurus at *Esquire Magazine*, who produced these notes of caution and nuggets of truth. Most blokes won't admit it, but what they don't know about style could fill a book. This is the book. To win one of five copies, just tell us two items of clothing that should never be worn together. *Things A Man Should Know About Style* by Scott Omelianuk and Ted Allen is distributed by Peribo.

2 Ride With Pro Skaters

Are you a skateboard nut who loves to shred but hates the bruising? If you own PlayStation 2, pack away the Dettol because now you can perform hundreds of tricks you never thought possible, in your own home, courtesy of *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3*, the top-selling video game. The graphics, animation, tricks and bails are even more insane than before because *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3* takes full advantage of all the advanced features found in next generation systems. To win one of three prize packs featuring the game (worth \$99.95), game soundtrack CD and a beanie, just name one of the tricks that Tony Hawk is famous for. Available where all good games are sold. Visit www.activision.com for info.

3 Still On A Roll

It was a uniquely Aussie dilemma, and CHIKO solved it. A hot, filling snack that could be eaten in one hand while leaving the other hand free for a beer. This was the brilliant inspiration that created the beginnings of an Aussie icon, the CHIKO roll, which first appeared in Wagga Wagga half a century ago. To celebrate this milestone, we have 10 CHIKO — 50 Years on a Roll prize packs worth \$50 to give away. Each pack includes a commemorative T-shirt, bumper stickers, a stubbie holder, pens, a key ring and a CHIKO poster featuring Sarah Jane. Just tell us what year the CHIKO roll made its debut in.



To be in the running for a prize, send your name, address, phone number and answer by email to penthouse-giveaways@gemkilt.com.au, or on the back of an envelope to Top Score, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590, or fax (02) 9901 6116. This month's closing date is June 30, 2002.



4 Get Her A Sex Pot

Thinking of the perfect gift to give your squeeze? Ditch the red roses, buddy, and give her a Sex Pot. Hang on, it's not what you're thinking (although a little sappho action would make a great second choice). Sex Pots are the latest craze sweeping Australia and there are over 35 available, for every occasion — from "Happy Birthday" to "Happy Divorce" (ouch!). There's even one for hen's and buck's nights. Each Sex Pot is beautifully packaged and contains products suited to the occasion and the gender, from cheeky adult toys, lingerie and games to massage oils and lotions. We have five Sex Pots worth \$150 each to give away ("I Love You", "Seduction", "Teaser", "For Her" and "XTC"), all filled with fun, horny gifts like penis candles, love cuffs, body paint, champagne, vibrators and glow-in-the-dark crotchless knickers. To score one for your lady, tell us the name of the sex pot on the cover of this issue of *Australian Penthouse*. Sex Pots start from \$69. Order on 1300 65 69 69 or visit www.xsiv.com.au.

5 Hold Your Liqueur

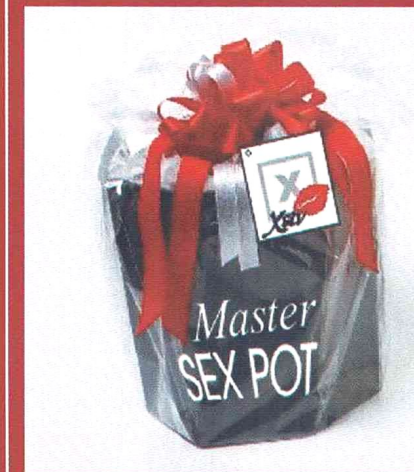
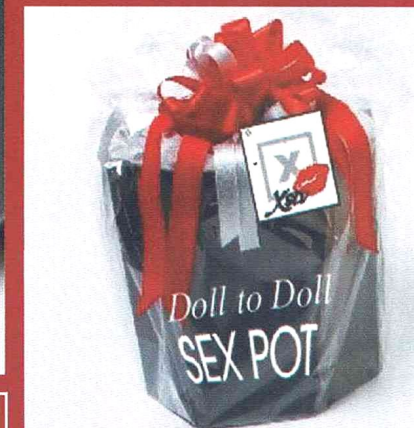
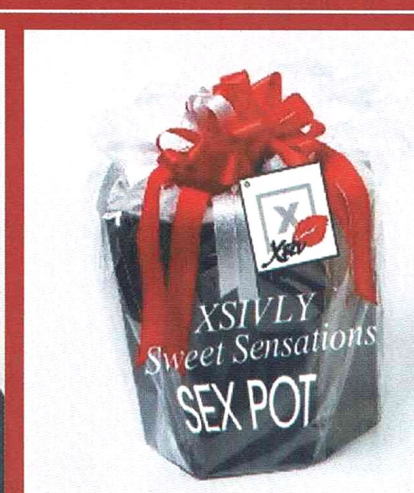
What is it about Jägermeister, the dark red smooth liqueur in the mysterious green bottle from Europe, that makes it

Big Scorers

Back in December 2001 we asked you to tell us why your chariot needs a new set of wheels. Congratulations to Peter Bolt from NSW, who has just raised his revhead status with a brand new gleaming set of Gladiator alloy mag wheels.

Winners of the Erotic Dance Video Competition (Dec 2001): B Redman, Tas; R Bickley, WA; E Mezgec, Qld; H Young, WA; S Thompson, WA.

so irresistible? Is it the taste? The ice-cold chill? The effect? Your answer is as good as ours. What we do know is Jägermeister is an authentic herbal liqueur made from 56 different herbs and it's great as a beer chaser, on the rocks or as a long drink with tonic or other mixers. Ask your bartender for an Oatmeal Cookie — it's not quite as innocent as it sounds. To win one of six Jägermeister packs including a 700ml bottle, pourer, six shot glasses and a cap, just tell us what country Jägermeister comes from. RRP \$40 for 700ml from all good bottle shops.



6 Sweat In Style

Don't you hate it when you're running a marathon and you have to use your singlet to wipe the sweat off your forehead? Not a good look — unlike the new UNI sports towel, a stylish accessory developed right here in Oz by Sports Wrap. This small, multi-purpose towel is attached to a belt with velcro, so you just slap it back on when you're done. To win one of 10, just name one sport that the Aussies scored gold in at the 2000 Olympics. The UNI Towel is available from selected sports retailers, \$19.99.

Natalie — June
2002 Pet Of
The Month



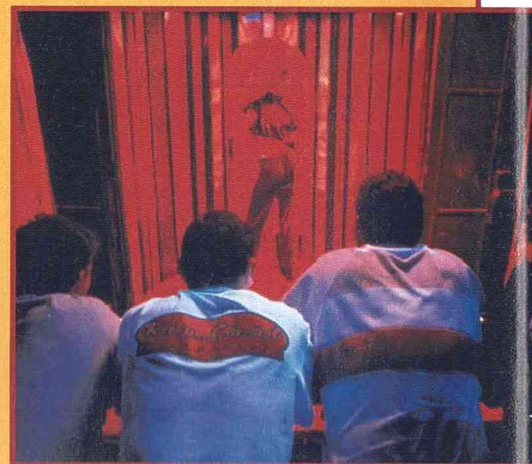
Life is a Cabaret

Natalie fantasises about being part of a 1920s Cabaret troupe in Paris, performing for hordes of people. "I love the razzamatazz and the sexiness of it," she says. "But most of all I fantasise about the beautiful women of that art form with their short dresses, long eyelashes and black stockings, of laying naked with them and holding their exquisite lips to my breasts, of making love to them all night long."

caravan of lust

from page 54

The other night I made a mistake; a guy gave me a bottle of beer and I pushed it inside my fanny. I just felt like it. Unfortunately the boss came around at that moment and I almost got the sack!"



The Punters

John, 40, from England, was overwhelmed by the good value and honest appeal of the caravan show in Le Mans.

"I don't come here for the car race, that's the excuse for my wife. I only come here for the caravan and its girls. Sex is the main motivation of human behaviour, whether people are aware of it or not. Cars are secondary," he says.

"I think this show is the best reason why England should join the EEC completely, and God bless Charles De Gaulle! We just paid \$10 to see four beautiful girls. In England you wouldn't be able to get this quality of girls for the same price.

"I first saw the show last year. I have to get a good night's sleep to recover from tonight's show. My heart isn't as strong as it used to be. Tomorrow I'll come and see the show again, I never get tired of it. It's cheaper than in a strip club and it's bring-your-own booze."

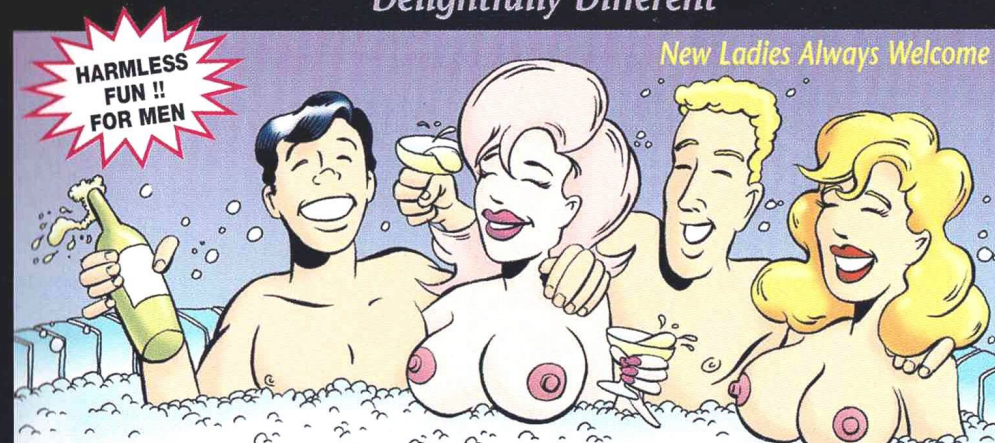
Patrick, 28, thought the caravan was a brothel when he saw the numbers of men queuing outside. When he realised it was a show, he soon joined them.

"The girls were really pretty. I wish my girlfriend could dance like this at home when I get back from work. That would perk me up after a long day," he says.

"It's a very original way of staging a strip show. When you spend most of your time just hanging around with men and drinking, you need a distraction." ☺

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 www.rascalsonbroadway.com.au

After fifteen years of ribbing from his mates and customers, Big John the owner of Kings Court has finally given in and built a new place with bit more adventure - Rascals - located ten doors down at 227 Parramatta Rd Broadway.

It recently came to light that there was no Asian translation for the name Rascals. This is a problem as we have Asian clients who enjoy calling in from nearby Chinatown. The closest meaning they have is something like "Dirty Old Man."

We think the idea of being a Rascal is a bit of fun - we tried to explain the concept of the King's brother or the Knave being a naughty boy and a bit of a Rascal but they had no translation for this. We have had to rename "Rascals" to be "The Golden Cat" which in Asian terms means "Blue Eyed Blonde." Not a bad idea!

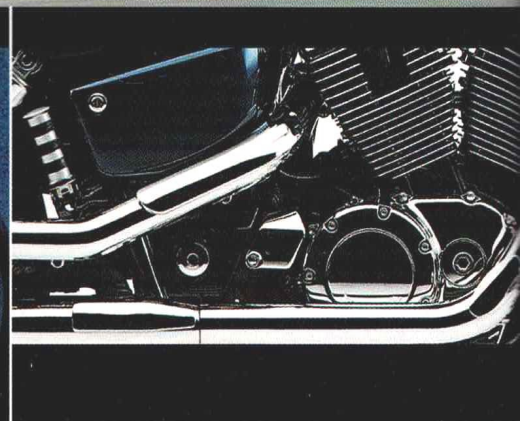
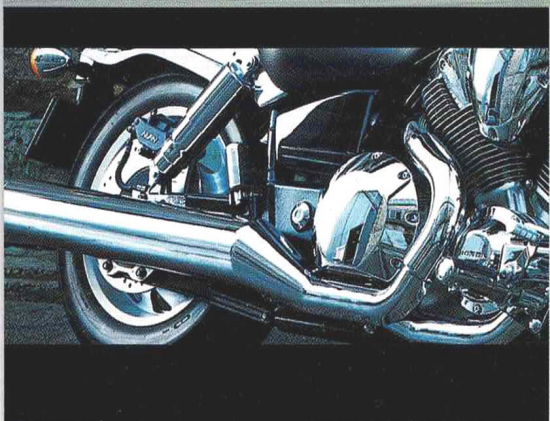
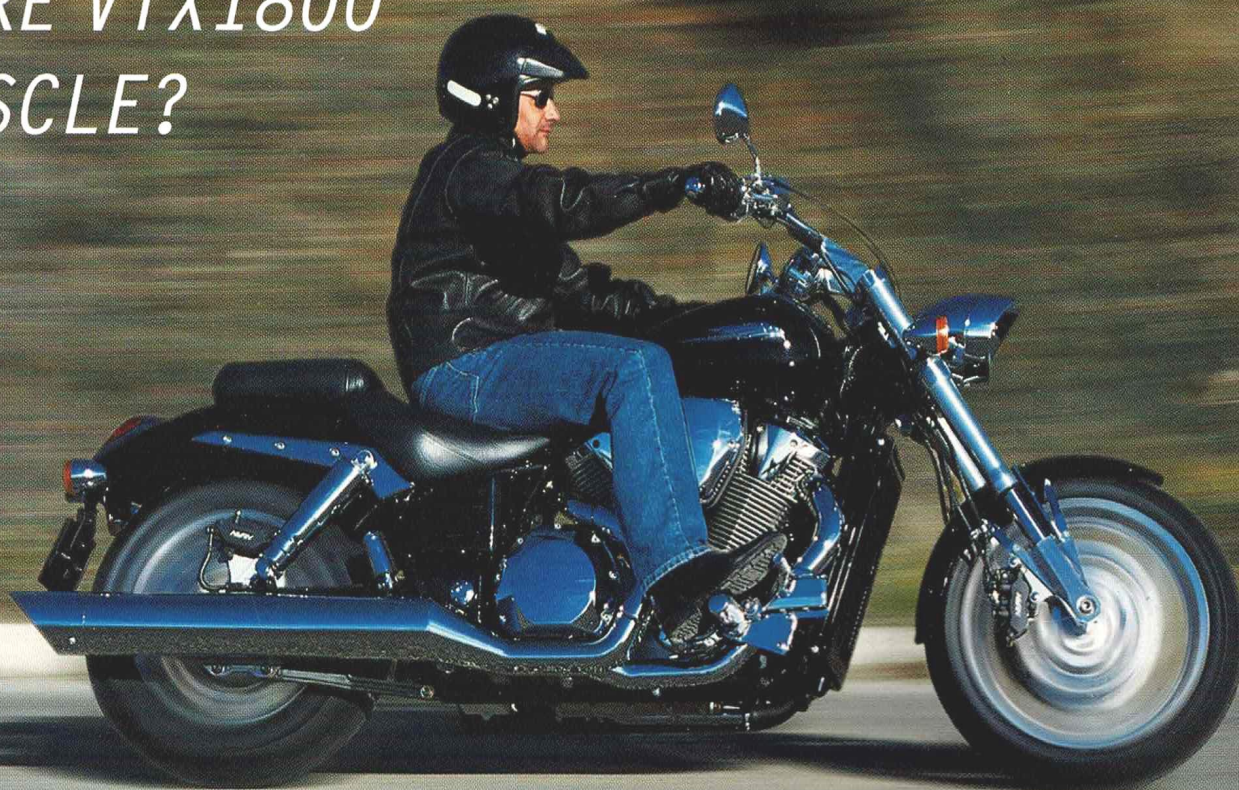
The Golden Cat is a five star full service Bordello, which provides the same friendly conditions as Kings. Our managers will assist you with an introduction to our beautiful ladies who are mostly blue eyed blondes. We are proud to present these well groomed and superbly dressed ladies. Please call into the 1st floor at 227 Parramatta Rd Broadway.

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You can find out more! - For an information pack and discounts for you and all your mates write to us at "Info Pack" PO Box 13 Broadway NSW 2007 Don't forget to include your return address! All info packs are mailed in plain envelopes.

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